

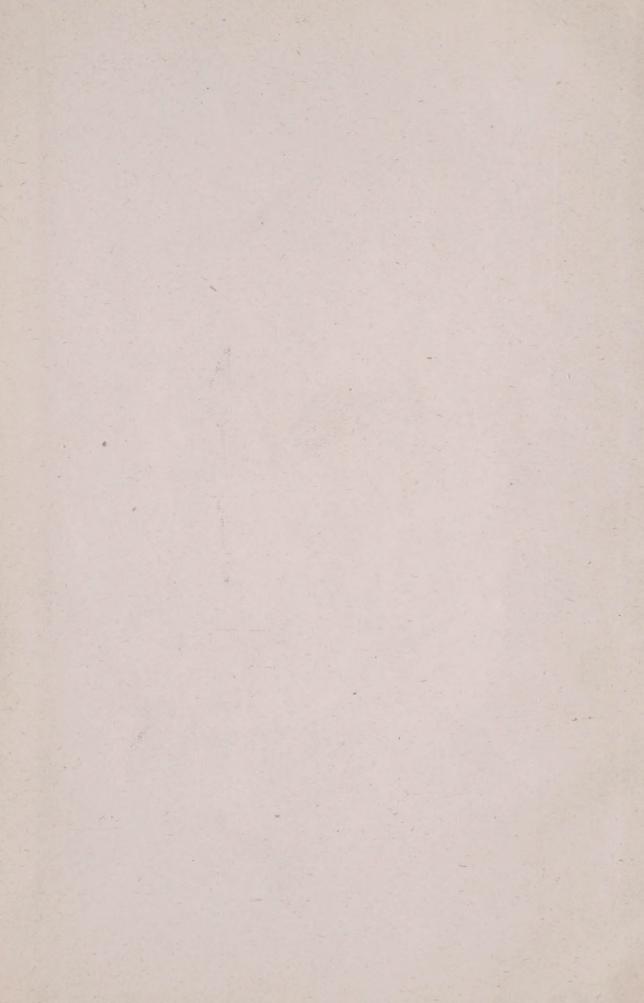
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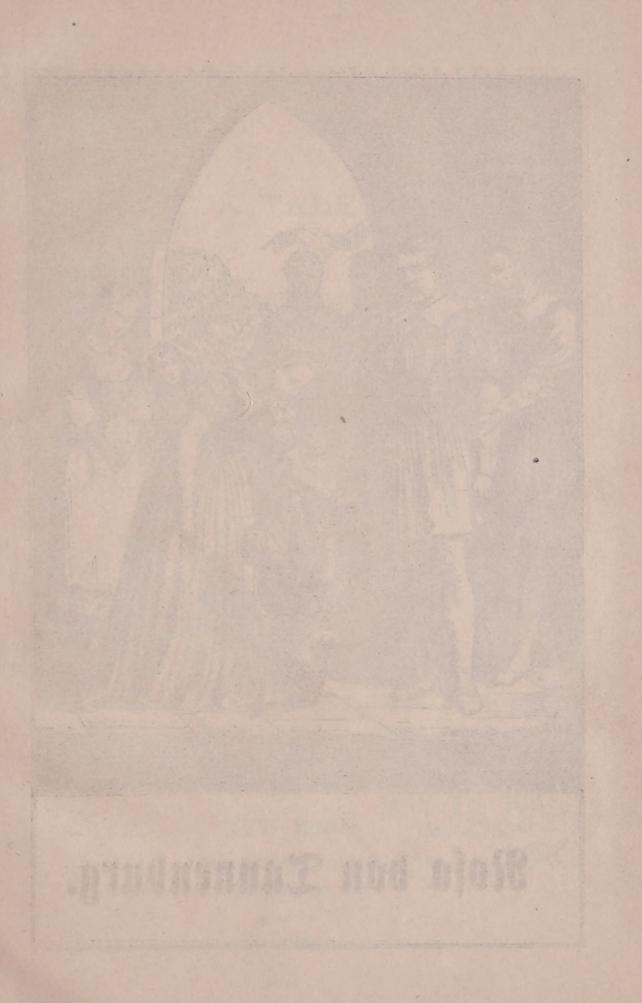
UNITED STATES OF AMERIC





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Rosa von Tannenburg.

ROSA VON TANNENBURG,

A TALE;

TRANSLATED FROM THE

Christoph work

GERMAN OF SCHMID,

BY

Lucie Agnes Archer.

NEW YORK: MAY 18 1881
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PREFATORY NOTE.

Among the numberless didactic stories for the young, inculcating the lesson that careful religious training in youth best secures true happiness and usefulness in after-life, Rosa Von Tannenburg has long held its own in the affections of God fearing Germans. The story in its homely style and uncompromising directness of fervid belief, belongs, both from a literary and religious point of view, to an age less exacting and less questioning than our own. But although it lays no claim to marked brilliancy of style or dramatic power, its earnestness and simplicity cannot fail to strongly impress the plastic minds for which it is designed, and parents, keenly alive to the importance of healthful moral reading for their children, will doubtless accord a welcome to Miss Archer's graceful translation of a story which has long been popular in the Fatherland.

W. GORDON McCABE.

ROSA VON TANNENBURG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHMID.

TRANSLATED BY LUCIE AGNES ARCHER.

CHAPTER I.

On the southern frontier of Suabia, in that picturesque region of blooming valleys and wooded heights, behind which in dazzling white splendor the snowy mountains of Switzerland rear their lofty heads, stood, in ancient time, upon the summit of a high rock overgrown with fir, the majestic castle of Tannenburg. Centuries after it was destroyed, the fallen towers and moss-grown walls were objects of mournful interest to the traveler, and when he viewed them reddened by evening's sun-set hues, or whitened by the cold grey gleam of the moon, a wierd melancholy filled his heart and involuntarily blessing the noble men who, in former times lived here and had made the

whole country, far around, prosperous and happy; he passed on staff in hand, "musing on worlds beyond the grave," and oppressed with the solemn thought of the transitoriness of all earthly things.

In the castle had formerly lived Baron Edelbert with his wife Mathilde, in the most blissful concord. Edelbert was a very brave knight; and though his vocation—that of wielding sword and lance—was harsh, his nature was none the less mild and gentle; and under the iron coat of mail throbbed a heart, warm, and full of humanity. He was an extremely devout man, an upright German nobleman, and a good ruler to his subjects. The Duke of Suabia honored him as his friend, and the Emperor himself had distinguished him very signally above all other Knights. Mathilde, Edelbert's wife, was adjudged the most excellent lady far and near on account of her intelligence and her generosity towards the poor, to which she added the further attraction of being eminently beautiful. Baron Edelbert was, in those unrestful, warlike times, seldom at his castle, having to accompany the Duke in his campaigns, and was often absent for years, in the field. Mathilde found her sweetest joy, during the absence of her husband, in the companionship of her only child, a tender maiden, called Rosa; who in rare gifts of mind and beauty of person resembled her mother. To rear this promising child aright was the greatest concern of this loving mother. Her method of education was very simple but excellent. Being herself sincerely pious and good, it was a matter of no difficulty to

her to instil the same principles in her child. The godly mother taught her daughter above all, to know God; and sought to implant a truly childlike love for the Father in Heaven in her tender heart. The noble woman intensely appreciated the glorious works of God, and was therefore enabled to contemplate them with great devotion, and from the depth of her heart to rejoice in them. From the high bow window of her customary sitting-room, by which she spent many hours of the day with her work, there was a magnificent prospect. Heaven and earth contemplated from this eminence, presented an indescribably beautiful, soulinspiring view; and gave the good mother manifold opportunities to call her daughter's attention to the wisdom, goodness, and almighty power of God in His works.

As for example, once, on a glorious summer morning, Mathilde awakened the little Rosa very early, "O, just come, Rosa," called she, "and see how beautiful the sun rises this morning. Look, said she," opening the window, "how brilliantly the heavens are illumined just there in the east. See the tender cloudlets' crimson glow; the far snowy mountains just above the dark green woods resemble mountains of gold. See, now, now, the sun rises! O, what a wondrous God, who has created this and all upon which His beams shine. The church-tower over there stands out as if gilded, from its background of fruit trees in which nearly the whole village lies hidden.

"The cheerful country people go to their work freshly invigorated, while the herdsman drives the joyous lowing cattle to the deep valley below: on yonder mountain graze the sheep, followed by careful shepherds, and the mowers in the meadow, are weilding their glittering scythes. The fields of grain are already yellow, and soon they will thrust in the sickle. Everywhere we behold the richest blessings of God.

"O, what a loving Father is He who, looking down upon all mankind with equal love, be they in castle or in cottage, bestows upon them this beautiful earth so rich with His gifts; and wishes to have them all one day live with Himself in Heaven! O, who would not rejoice in such a kind, loving Father!" Such words, coming from the heart, naturally found their way at once to the heart of the little Rosa. She involuntarily folded her little hands and said, "O, Thou good, dear God! how I thank Thee that Thou hast made all so beautiful!" In like manner Mathilde taught her daughter how everything we see in Heaven or upon earth; from the sun to the dew-drop, teaches us the goodness and loving kindness of God. The changing seasons, with their manifold beauties and gifts, afforded her ever renewed opportunities to this end. Rosa learned to lift her thoughts up from the works of God to God himself. She could rejoice with her whole heart at sight of fruit or flower, and, full of childlike love, thank Him for his benefits. The pious mother was perfectly conversant with the Scriptures? and as she spun or embroidered, she would relat

to her listening daughter for hours such scenes as were adapted to her tender years. Rosa was entranced, unspeakably delighted with Paradise, the tents of the Patriarchs, the wilderness of the Israelites, the "land that flowed with milk and honey." She learned from this how God revealed Himself unto man as the Most Holy, who delights only in good, hates evil, and wishes all mankind to be likewise pure and holy. In the wicked men shown us in the Scriptures she recognized fearful examples of vice; but in the good, beautiful types of every amiable virtue. Rosa loved best to hear of Jesus Christ; she rejoiced with the shepherds and angels over the Holy Child in the manger, at Bethlehem, and offered, with the wise men of the East, to the newly-born King whose star shone in the Heavens, the most child-like feelings of adoration and thanks, which were costlier than gold and frankincense. She saw the beautiful, Heavenly Child in the home at Nazareth; how He was subject unto the blessed mother and the pious foster father; how He prayed and how He worked in meek submission to God and men, as He grew older; and she made sincere resolutions to be also obedient to her parents and to strive daily to progress in all good. She accompanied, in thought, the Divine Teacher upon His journeys, through the Holy Land; stood in spirit in the minds of His hearers on the Mount, or by the sea, or in the temple; listened to Him ever full of devotion and attention; and promised her mother, sacredly, to follow faithfully such

blessed teachings. The deepest joy filled her heart as she heard how He, the divine children's friend, mercifully called the little ones unto Him and blessed them; how He said unto the weeping parents of the dead maiden, "The child only sleepeth!" and awakened her; and how he said to the young man upon the bier, "Arise," and led him again, living, to the weeping mother - she resolved to be always a good child that should deserve His blessing; to love Him and trust Him who, dries all tears, helps in every need, and even takes away all fear of death, and can give eternal life; and when at last, the mother told of the suffering that He, the guiltless One, took upon Himself for the love He bore mankind, and how, when bleeding upon the cross with dying utterance, He still prayed to His Father in Heaven to forgive His murderers: and through suffering and death entered into Glory—the great tears flowed down Rosa's tender cheeks. She resolved in her heart to consecrate her whole life to Him who died for her. Thus did the Christian mother teach her daughter to know and love God and the Divine Redeemer. As the mother instilled love to God in the heart of her daughter, she wished also to implant in her love to all mankind, especially to her parents. The warm mother-love naturally won in return the love of her daughter. Equally, did Rosa love her father, although he was rarely at home - because her mother always spoke of him with tenderest affection. When the mother

would say, "Behave so that I will have nothing but good to tell of thee to the dear father when he comes" it was ever the strongest incentive to Rosa, to do good; and when the father really came home, Rosa, as well as her mother, endeavored to give him only pleasure. For instance, the father was very fond of the peaches which grew upon a certain tree beside the castle wall. The mother once brought the first fruit, divided into three equal parts, for the father, herself, and Rosa; but said at the same time, "I will give mine to father." Rosa said quickly, "I will do the same with mine." Not for the world would she have eaten one of them. With joyous haste she put all the peaches in a neat little basket, so that the pretty red should fall temptingly upon the eye, and brought them to her father. Mathilde was accustomed to help the truly needy with money or provisions. Many of the gifts she allowed her daughter to distribute, in order that she might learn to know by experience, the blessedness of giving. She knew how to stimulate Rosa's sympathy for the strangers' necessity, and to bring her to the point of sacrificing her own means for the welfare of others. Once, on her birthday, Rosa received a gold piece from her father, who said she might spend it for any article of dress she most desired. She asked her mother many questions as to what prettiest could be purchased for this money; the mother mentioned many things, but the happy Rosa could not at all decide what

she should choose. Just then a poor widow was announced whose only cow had died with a prevailing disorder. The mother called the widow in, listened to her story and said, kindly: "I have already given money to very many who have had the same misfortune, I will hardly be able to give you so much as you desire, for I must keep a little for daily expenses." She then went and brought some money, counted it out upon the table. "I can not conveniently give more," and handing it to her said, "if you had only one more gold florin you could buy a good cow." Then Rosa ran hurriedly, brought her gold piece and laid it down with the money counted out upon the table. "I have clothes enough already," said she. "The poor widow has far greater need of a cow than I of a new dress." The poor woman wept for joy, and begged to kiss Rosa's hand. When she was gone the mother embraced her daughter and said, "Thou hast done well, Rosa; this, thy practical sympathy, is worth more than ten thousand gold pieces, and all the dress and all the splendor in the world."

The mother accustomed Rosa from her tender childhood to a cheerful obedience. "For," said the wise mother, "self-will is the mightiest hindrance to good—a child must first learn to give up its will to the will of its parents, then it becomes so much the more easy for him to be able to humble himself to the will of God. For if he does not obey the parents whom he sees, how can he obey God whom he does not see? The violent

inclinations in the heart of the child must be moderated, the weeds must be rooted out so that the lovelier flowers of noble impulses can flourish." That which she could not allow, the mother promptly and positively refused. Little Rosa at first, sought to obtain by begging and tears, like all children, many things which she ardently desired; but she soon learned that a "No" from her mother meant as much as a thousand words; she saw, at once, that all begging and crying would be in vain. The mother daily found little occasions to exercise her in obedience and in overcoming sinful inclinations. What the mother commanded must at once be done; all other employments and all play must quickly be laid aside. No flowers in the garden must be plucked, no fruit culled without her mother's permission. But Mathilde took no pleasure in too many prohibitions and commands; she hated that endless, often very wearisome mastering and setting to rights of children, the result of which is to confuse, rather than have the desired effect. "There are only a few commands necessary," said she, "these, however, must be strictly followed. The dear Lord gave only ten commandments to make men good and happy, and were these always kept, man would spare himself ten thousand others." The wise mother soon found also that in order to arouse children to obedience and to deter them from disobedience, rewards and punishments were necessary. "The good God," said she, "does the same with us large children." It was a pleasure to the mother to share with her beloved Rosa the finest fruits of the garden. But Rosa must deserve them. The mother said, for instance, "If thou canst say the verses that I give thee, by heart, without a mistake thou shalt have these fine cherries." Or she would say another time: "When thou hast finished correctly the knitting I gave thee, thou shalt have those grapes." Rosa soon finished the tasks and her joy was greater than if she had received the fruit without meriting it. When Rosa made a mistake she was not allowed to go with her into the garden. This was punishment enough, and soon even this was no longer necessary. When the mother said, with serious look, "I would not have believed that of thee-don't grieve me." Rosa was unhappy and restless until her beloved mother smiled again.

This excellent mother who was never seen idle, thought it very important that her daughter should always be occupied. When she sat at her work, little Rosa must also have something to do. "The assiduous industry of a child is truly of little use in the management of a house," said she, as she looked with approbation at Rosa; "but it is of great advantage to the child." "It preserves it from weariness and from ill humor, and accustoms it early, to a useful life." Rosa really learned very early to spin neatly, and soon knew how to sew quite skillfully. She made for herself, under the direction of her mother, a dress out of the

linen she spun herself, and she felt the most unalloyed happiness in it. The costly stuff which her father brought her on one occasion, from one of his expeditions, did not give her half the pleasure. Mathilde, as was the custom in those times, attended to the bright, clean kitchen herself; and here also she had always known how to find some little thing for Rosa to do, from her tender childhood up - if it were nothing more than to shell peas, or string beans. But the most pleasant employment the mother found was in the beautifully laid out castle garden, particularly as the exercise in the fresh air proved very beneficial to her health. Soon Rosa, also, showed a fondness for gardening. The mother assigned her a particular spot, and had a little rake made for her, also a dainty watering pot, and other garden implements. There was now always something for Rosa to do, from the earliest Spring days when the sweet red peach blossoms came forth, until in Autumn, when the leaves fell. With the most joyful dilligence she sowed seed, set out, watered, and weeded the most useful young plants. She heaped up the earth around the young cabbages, and bound to stakes the running tendrils of the pea vines. When the first garden peas came on the table which Rosa had raised and cooked, she felt no little pride, and thought no dish had ever tasted so well. "That is the sweet fruit of industry," said her mother. "Thus God rewards labor, in small things and in great. Industry has transformed the entire region sur-

rounding us, from a wilderness to a rich garden." While her mother was ever careful to keep her little Rosa always employed - and in order that she should not become weary with the monotony, very wisely varied her employments - she nevertheless did not allow her to lack for diversion. Two or three times a week several poor, but well behaved little girls of Rosa's age, were allowed to visit her, among the number was one named Agnes, who was distinguished for kind-heartedness. Rosa always entertained her little friends first, then would spin a short time, and then they would have a game in the sitting-room or in the garden. The mother kept the children ever under her eye, though of course without their knowledge, and thus heard all that they said to each other. She invented games for them and knew herself how to infuse a spirit of animation into them. In this, and other similar ways, she kept her daughter ever joyous and happy, for she held this to be an essential quality in good training. Rosa was always serenely happy, and therefore lent herself the more gladly to any employment and to all good. Still more particular was this wise mother that budding vanity and the love of dress, should not spoil Rosa's nature.

One day when Rosa was a little older the Duke came to Tannenburg on a visit to his friend Edelbert. Several knights and ladies from the surrounding country were invited, and Rosa had to appear in a dress becoming her rank. She was attired

in silk and decked with precious stones. The stranger lords and ladies, bestowed lavish praise upon the beauty and attire of the young maiden, and said many flattering things to her, which Rosa received not unwillingly. When the distinguished guests had gone, her mother said to Rosa, "The words which these lords and ladies said to thee have troubled me sorely! They knew nothing in thee to praise save these glittering spangles, which are only fastened on thee, and which thou must again take off! To the silk-weaver and the lapidary, belong their enconiums, not to thee. They admired thy beauty, but the praise of that was not due to thee, and it will soon fade, and thou must one day crumble into dust. Oh, my dear, if there were nothing else in thee worthy, I would, indeed, be a very unhappy mother. Ah, my dear, good Rosa, strive after those qualities which lead thee truly to honor."

The mother sadly laid her ornaments in the elegant little casket. "Ah," said she, "what are these jewels compared with a noble heart? These things can not make us happy. When they one day shall carry me to my grave, this casket remains here. Noble deeds and intentions are alone the jewels, which, in yonder world, have a value." Her own beautiful example did infinitely more towards bringing Rosa up in the right way, than anything Mathilde could say. The entire life of the mother was, as it were, a clear, stainless mirror, in which

the daughter might continually see plainly before her eyes how to act and what she should become. The mother was so modest, so refined, that her unalterable, gentle womanliness, was a silent panegyric upon these virtues. She never spoke in vain-glorious terms of herself, she let none be sensible of her superiority of rank, riches and intelligence. Her mild, gentle face, was never disfigured by anger. Never did she speak evil of others. Never from her mouth came censorious or censurable words. Her holy life, and love to her fellow creatures, above all, made such an impression upon the heart of her daughter that never in after years was it obliterated.

In the Burg was an ancient chapel with stained windows, before whose altar Mathilde often knelt with a reverence, a sincerity so unfeigned, that to one who saw her she seemed perfectly lost in God, and her countenance as if glorified. The praying mother was a celestial vision for Rosa, and caused her also to lift up her heart to Heaven. She not only saw it but felt deeply in her heart this truth: "The noblest and most blessed of all emotions is true devotion." A whole book could not have convinced her of it so clearly and so intuitively.

Mathilde interested herself very actively in the sick, the suffering, and the oppressed of all kinds. On one occasion there was in the village, at the foot of the mountain, a poor working woman, the

mother of seven small children, who was very dangerously ill, and the noble lady thought it not beneath her dignity to come down from her castle to visit the poor sick one beneath the humble straw thatch; to acquaint herself with the circumstances; to arrange all that was necessary, and, in order to encourage her to take medicine, even administered it herself. She continued the visit daily, and Rosa had to accompany her that she might early become acquainted with the suffering of humanity, and learn that by lightening it for others, her own burdens were light in comparison. When Mathilde came one day to the humble home and announced that the invalid was now out of danger, the whole family burst into joyful tears, and the father, in unutterable emotion, sank weeping upon his knees, and the children kissed the hand and the dress of their benefactress. sight of this Rosa was so moved that she herself wept with them; deemed herself happy to have such a good mother, and in her heart solemnly promised God to tread in her footsteps. So holy a rearing could not remain without good fruit. Rosa became, indeed, the image of maidenly virtue. She had the purest love for God, for her parents; for all mankind. Her modesty, her refinement, her gentle nature, her pious, pure spirit, ennobled and beautified her countenance; simple and spotless as her spirit, was the dress she wore consisting of linen; spun and bleached by herself; a few blue Korn blumen, or rose buds on the dazzling white fabric constituted her favorite adornment. But her innocent, kindly eyes, were of a lovelier blue than the flowers, and the hue of innocency upon her blooming cheeks, shamed the red of the bursting rose-buds. All who saw her said: "Rosa von Tannenburg is the most beautiful maiden of all Suabia; but her virtues render her even more lovable than her beauty."



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CHAPTER II.

Alas! that the good Rosa should be deprived of such an unspeakable blessing as this excellent mother! She was about fourteen years old when her mother was taken suddenly ill. She was aware of the danger, and did not conceal it from her daughter. Knight Edelbert had gone to the field: Mathilde said, therefore, to her daughter, "Dearest Rosa, send immediately a messenger on horseback for your father. I would love to see him once more in this world; then send for the pious Abbot Norbert; he baptized me, consecrated me to God when I first entered this life, and he will not refuse to lend me his assistance as I leave it; to lead me gently over to yonder better life, over to my Creator and my Saviour! It were indeed too late," continued she, "if I were just now for the first time preparing for death. The whole earthly life should truly be one of preparation for that in Heaven. To this end are we in the world. Meanwhile, in this solemn moment, there is nothing left to do but to re-dedicate myself to God, to make my peace with Him, even as regards the most venial of sins, and to be united to Him according to the ordinances of the Church." pious Abbot, a tenderly sympathetic, friendly old man, appeared. Mathilde spoke with him awhile alone after she had received from his hand the bread of life. The

flame of her devotion communicated itself to the heart of her sorrowful child, and softened her inexpressible grief. The venerable Abbot in praying for the sick one, spoke with such power and certainty of the eternal life, that Rosa wished from her inmost heart to die then and there with her mother. She remained, full of devotion, love and sympathy, like a ministering angel, ever by the sick-bed of her mother. Baron Edelbert arrived several days later, and Rosa hurried to meet him, kissing him, and weeping bitterly as she threw herself in his arms below on the winding stone steps. Deeply troubled, the Knight approached the sickbed. He was terrified to find his tenderly beloved wife so pale and changed, but his fright gave place, finally, to tears. Rosa stood sobbing on the other side of the bed. The dying woman, smiling with unutterable tenderness, gave one hand to her dear husband, the other she reached to her daughter. "Dearest Edelbert! dearest Rosa!" said she, with a weak voice; "my hour has come. I will no more see the rising sun. But do not weep; I will be better up there in the house of our Heavenly Father, where the many mansions are. May you be blessed. I only go now into another dwelling-place. I am not, therefore, lost to you. We will see each other again soon, never more to part." She was silent; weakness prevented her speaking further. "Dear Edelbert," said she after a little while, "I have never given thee a portrait of myself. But our beloved daughter, my living image, is to thee a better

reminder of me, yes, the best that I can leave thee. To thee I commit her now, in my last moments, as in the presence of God! I endeavored to bring her up pure and Christlike; do thou finish the work; correct wherein I have erred; give to her all the love which thou hast shown me, and for which I, now, dying, thank thee. And thou, dearest Rosa," she continued, "thou hast given me much joy; thou hast never grieved me; thou wert to me a good daughter. This testimony must I give to thee now in the hour of my death. O, remain pure, spotless, true, and love God. Keep close to our Divine Redeemer; follow his teachings. Never do aught that is wicked. Honor and love thy good father. Ah, he is exposed to so many dangers in war! If he should ever be brought home wounded, take my place by his side. Be to him in the days of his old age a loving nurse, since I can not be with him, be thou a good daughter to him, farewell! O God," said she now, with an imploring look to Heaven, "deliver her from evil and keep her pure! Hear my last prayer, the ardent supplication of a mother's heart, now breaking, and let me again see her in Heaven!" Father and daughter were overwhelmed with grief. The holy dying one joined the hands of her husband and daughter, and held them between her own cold hands. "We three," said she, "were ever one heart and one spirit in this world, and by the help of God we will be also in the next. Death can

not sever our love. We will, in Heaven, eternally live and eternally love." She looked at her husband and her daughter with angelic serenity. In her countenance shone already the radiance of her near transfiguration. "God," said she, "vouchsafes me a great comfort and great joy in these last moments. To Him be praise! O, my Rosa, how I rejoice that in me you can see with what comfort and blessedness those can die who believe in God, in Christ, and in the Everlasting Life! Christ leaves us not comfortless in our hour of need; I have no fear of death; I am already blessed in the hope of Eternal Life." She now fixed her gaze on a beautiful painting of the dying Redeemer, that hung just opposite her on the wall. and folding her hands, said again with slow, almost inaudible voice, "As thou, my Saviour, didst commend Thy spirit into the hands of Thy Father, so commend I my spirit into Thy hands." She was silent, a death-like hue spread over her countenance, and with one last lingering glance she expired. Rosa was speechless with anguish. Edelbert said, sobbing: "She lived and died a saint; and has now conquered! May God take us so gently to Himself and bring us together again up there!" The grief of Edelbert and the desolate Rosa during this night, the following day and at the burial was indescribable. The whole country, far and wide, mourned with them. In every house, every cottage of her vassals there was grief, as though an own mother

had died. The venerable Abbot in performing the last solemn rites endeavored to speak to the countless multitudes of people who gathered at the burial, but the universal sobbing soon became so loud, that the voice of the old man was no longer distinguishable. He himself burst into tears. Motioning them to be still, he said only these words; "Where tears speak so loudly, I must perforce be silent! Let us so live, that at our grave as many tears may flow! Richly sow as did the glorified one—then will we there also richly reap."



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CHAPTER III.

Baron Edelbert went again to the battle-field; but one day towards the latter part of Autumn he came back to his castle severely wounded in the right arm. Rosa was much distressed and felt the tenderest sympathy for her father, never moving from his bedside. She prepared and brought all of his food, she helped to dress the wound, and when at last his arm got better, and Edelbert sat by the fireside, lowspirited, because he could not do his duty as knight in assisting the Duke, Rosa alone knew how to cheer him. She sat by him with her embroidery, or her spinning-wheel, she talked of her sainted mother and related many of her wise words, and noble deeds which were not previously known to the father. She asked about this and that circumstance in the history of his knightly exploits, persuading him to have the silver goblet refilled, if only for the love of her grandfather from whom he had received The knight being thus unconsciously beguiled into conversation found his sadness softened, and many hours of the gloomy winter passed as quickly as so many minutes to her. In the early spring there came to Edelbert's castle a very noble knight, and summoned him to rejoin the Duke in the field of battle. Edelbert to his deep sorrow felt that his arm was yet too weak to wield sword and lance. He, however, quickly called together his vassals about

the castle to send them to the help of the Duke and entertained them three days. On the morning of the fourth, which was appointed for their departure, he gathered them together in the large "Ritter Saal"* of the castle and in knightly attire decorated with a golden chain, though without armor, whose brazen plates his wounded arm was not yet able to bear, he stepped into their midst, committed them solemnly to the leadership of the stranger knight and encouraged them to bravery and good military discipline. "Be brave as a lion against the enemy; to the peaceful citizen be as gentle as a lamb," said he in conclusion.

With tearful eyes he looked after the train, from the window of the castle until it vanished in the nearest wood. In vain he strove throughout the whole day to become cheerful; his quiet castle appeared to him lonely and deserted after the departure of his faithful attendants. Sadly he sat down by the fireside after supper. The evening was cold and gloomy. A fearful storm, howled around the ramparts of the castle, rain beat upon the windows of the room until they rattled.

Rosa put more wood upon the fire, brought her father his evening draught in the silver goblet, sat down by him, and said: "Dear Father, do tell me the history of the worthy charcoal burner who came to see you this afternoon. I know something of it. He lived once at our castle, and his little Agnes

^{*} Hall of the Knights.

was the playmate of my childhood. But I would love to hear just one time the whole history."

"The history of my brave Burkhard!" cried the knight, "Oh! right gladly. The good man came to see me to-day, truly not without reason. He knew well how it would weigh upon my spirit to have to remain behind, for he has experienced the same thing. He was once indeed a brave warrior, and accompanied me upon my expeditions. However, before I can relate anything of the brave Burkhard, I must first say something of Knight Kunerich Von Fitchtenburg. The splendid castle, Fichtenburg, is not, of course, unknown to you. We can see from the windows of our hall, its towers in the far distance standing out against the dark pine forest, but the knight himself you have never seen, for he was always very hostile to me and has never visited me. His hatred toward me was excited very early, whilst we were both pages at the court of the Duke in our youth. Kunerich was, even when a boy, very self-willed, irritable and vain-glorious, and, for this reason, not much beloved by the Duke; He, therefore, hated and envied me because I was preferred before him. When we were both armed and had to show our skill in wielding sword and spear openly for the first time in a tournament which the Duke gave to the young nobility, I received the first prize, a sword with a golden hilt, which your sainted mother, who was the the most modest and beautiful maiden of the Duke's court, presented to me upon a purple cushion in

the presence of the Suabian nobility. Kunerich, on the contrary, received the last prize, a pair of silver spurs. From this time on he hated me even more, and could no longer look me straight in the face. His hatred, however, culminated when the Emperor, as you know, after the great battle, hung this golden badge of honor here; but to Knight Kunerich—through whose inconsiderateness and impetuosity the battle was well nigh lost, he gave a severe reprimand. Well, the gallant Burkhard had - as my vassal and companion in arms a little estate that lay on the borders of my territory, and which encroached upon Kunerich's woods, but Knight Kunerich was a bad neighbor to my good Burkhard. He kept in his domain a quantity of game. The deer came frequently over the boundary and devastated good Burkhard's fields; the wild hogs rooted up his pretty meadows. I gave the worthy man permission to shoot them down without more ado, and bring them to me, as all wild game killed upon my soil, belongs by right to me.

Well, one evening I rode home from a hunt with my people. The sun was already down, and the soft, rosy sunset clouds sent their kindly light through the fir trees. Suddenly the wife of the honest Burkhard appeared with streaming hair, crying loudly to me. She fell upon her knees, and wringing her hands implored my help; she had brought her little Agnes; the child knelt by her mother, and lifted up her little hands trem-

bling and crying. The sight pierced my heart. I dismounted and bade her tell me what had happened. The story was this: my good Burkhard, his wife, Gertraud, and little Agnes were taking their evening meal near the door of their house not * thinking of trouble-when, suddenly Knight Kunerich surprised them, accompanied by many armed attendants mounted and afoot. The servants seized the good Burkhard, tied his hands behind his back, threw him into a cart, and drove off. This Knight Kunerich did, because Burkhard had recently killed a deer on the borders of his domain, but upon our ground and had delivered it at Tannenburg. The angered Kunerich had sworn that he would let the wicked poacher, as he called the honorable Burkhard, languish in the fearful dungeon of Fichtenburg among frogs and snakes. 'He shall be free' said I to the woman, 'if I have to destroy the whole nest of robbers. Be comforted, and go, meantime, with your child to the castle.' I hastened quickly with my servants along the road to wrest, if possible, Kunerich's victim from him ere he could reach his castle. I sent out some mounted men as scouts, appointed a place where we should all come together again, and rode in a brisk trot to Fichtenburg. The servants soon brought me news: Kunerich was carousing with his people at the mill down in the forest. The cart, in which was poor Burkhard, stood before the door. I found that I and my people already had a good start of these outlaws on the route to Kunerich's castle.

We stopped, therefore, at a convenient place in the woods, by which the company must pass. They finally came, suspecting nothing, in good spirits and making a great noise. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning from a clear sky we fell upon the robbers. The full moon, which had just arisen, afforded us sufficient light to do our work. As Kunerich was not expecting this attack, and, furthermore, had drunk too much, he fought very badly, and after a short resistance, he and his people took to flight. I could easily have captured him, but took pity on him and let him escape. 'Thank God, none of us were killed in the affray, the ground was covered with the weapons only of the enemy.' We unbound the man in the cart, loaded it instead with the captured weapons, gave him a horse whose rider had been thrown, in the melee, and journeyed joyfully home. The joy his wife and little daughter felt as we came riding up to the castle-door, and when they saw Burkhard by my side, cannot possibly be described! And yet my joy was still greater. Oh, it is a blessed feeling to have rescued others from distress. I assigned the good people a little place in our castle grounds, where they would be safe from Kunerich's vengeance. Later, Burkhard was wounded in battle and could no longer do war service. Meanwhile he was not disabled from all work, and was unwilling to eat his bread in idleness. He discovered in the wild regions of the forest a little secluded valley where he wished to settle, I had a pretty

house built there for him. He broke up an arable piece of ground for his field, which gives him bread, near by he carries on charcoal-burning with my permission.

The spot where he lived, was scarcely ever visited by any one, and soot and coal-dust made his otherwise blooming face almost unrecognizable. So he believed himself safe enough from Kunerich's plots and indeed since that time has not been in the least disturbed." To this history Baron Edelbert added many examples of Burkhard's bravery and faithfulness, so that the narration lasted till late into the night. Rosa had listened to him so attentively, that her father's goblet had long stood empty, and she had not even taken care to put fresh wood on the fire. Suddenly there arose a fearful disturbance in the castle. The arched hall resounded with the clash of weapons and cries of contending men. Many footsteps neared the sitting-room in which Edelbert and his daughter sat. The knight sprang up and glanced around for his weapons. whilst Rosa hastily bolted the door. But, with a frightful blow the door was forced open, and a man in armor accompanied by several armed men entered. "Now Edelbert," said he with flashing eyes and thundering voice, "the hour of vengeance has come! I am Kunerich, whom you have so often opposed. Now shall you atone to me for it all." Then turning to his soldiers, he cried, "Clap him in chains and guard him till we go, for the awful

dungeon of Fichtenburg, shall henceforth be his dwelling. This castle is now mine. What armor and weapons, apparel and jewels I may find here suitable for my rank, I will now select. You may then as a reward for your bravery, plunder the whole castle, while I refresh myself with a flagon of old wine. Be quick; in three hours we depart." Rosa threw herself at the feet of the cruel knight and implored mercy for her father. The tyrant pushed her from him, and with proud step withdrew without further noticing her. Edelbert was now chained and two soldiers kept watch before the door. Kunerich had deemed the moment when Edelbert could not use his valiant right arm the most favorable to allow his burning revenge to burst forth in bright flames. He had waited too until Edelbert's bravest warriors had gone to the field with the Duke, and so left him unprotected. Among Edelbert's few retainers who served to garrison the citadel, one soldier was a coward and of little use, a man whom Edelbert had kept in his service purely through compassion. This man, bribed by Kunerich, had opened at night a secret postern hidden by jagged rocks and thorn-bushes, through which an underground passage led into the castle. The other soldiers had seen the in-coming enemy too late, and, despite all resistance, in a few moments were overpowered and thrown to the ground. Thus it was that Kunerich was enabled to appear. so suddenly in Edelbert's sitting-room, and to take him prisoner in the very heart of his citadel.

CHAPTER IV.

Edelbert sat sorrowfully in chains near the extinguished fire. Rosa knelt beside him weeping, mourning, praying, and wringing her hands, while her curls flowed loosely about her. She was like a person dazed. She looked upon her father with eyes full of tears. It seemed to her that she saw, by the red light of the dying embers, only his image in a dream. The wild clamor of plundering and carousing resounded throughout the whole castle; but in the room it was as still and dark as in a vault lighted only by a weak flickering lamp. Only Rosa sometimes groaned heavily and cried out in her anguish. "That they should chain the hands that have so often rescued the guiltless! and even dare to manacle his wounded arm! Oh! God help him!" Then again she became silent and could do nothing but sob. Finally Edelbert broke the silence. "Compose thyself, dear child," said he, "and dry thy tears. This sorrow God has sent. Let us kiss His hand, even when it strikes us. He afflicts only for good. He will turn this bitter stroke to our best interest. We are in God's hands. Nothing can happen to us against His will. Even our enemies can work only for our good. We will remain steadfast to our trust in God. Yes; I believe my faith is more firmly grounded than ever. Heretofore I relied too much on the grace of

the Emperor and upon the favor of the Duke. But they can scarcely defend themselves now against their powerful foes. I trusted, indeed, in stone and iron, in walls and bolts and bars; now I trust alone in God. 'May He alone, henceforth, be my merciful and true protector, and my sure defence.'"

"We will now soon have to part, dearest daughter," said he, after a while, embracing her with his left arm, as the right was laden with chains, and the wound in consequence was paining him afresh. "O speak not of parting, beloved father," cried Rosa, falling upon his neck, "they shall not tear me away from thy arms! I shall go with thee to prison and to death." "No; dear Rosa," said her father quickly, "Kunerich will never consent that thou shalt remain with me. This comfort he will deny me. Once more, we must part! But attend now to my counsel. No one notices thee particularly, because of thy tender age; try, therefore, to fly from the castle, so that thou mayest not be made to spend thy life like a slave in ignominious servitude. Some one of my servants will help thee to escape. The castle and all it contains Kunerich takes possession of. Thou art now, become from being a Baron's daughter, a very, very poor maiden, poorer than the least of the maidens that work for pay in my service. But, although, they now thrust thee from thy paternal roof, and thou wilt not receive a farthing of thy mother's inheritance, be not desponding. Temporal goods do not deserve that we should worry ourselves over

their loss. We cannot in truth, justly call them ours. Thou canst, in this moment, see how easily they may be taken away from us. And, even if we held them through the brief period of our lives, death would finally rob us of all. There are other treasures, dear child, of which no adversity, not even death itself can rob us-treasures in comparison with which, gold, and pearls, and precious stones are as nothing. I mean gentleness, industry, piety, virtue -with these thy mother was ever adorned, and this part of her inheritance remains with thee and thou art rich. When thou dost escape from the castle, seek out our good charcoal-burner, the worthy Burkhard. He and his good wife will care for thee. There thou canst live in quiet concealment until he takes thee to the castle of one of my friends. And shouldst thou remain with him for years, even spend thy whole life under his lowly roof, let it comfort thee to know, that, one can live contented and die blessed in an humble cottage-often, indeed, more peacefully in a cot than in a palace, and, after all, this is the best. Do not be ashamed of labor. Hard knots on the fingers of an industrious hand deserve more esteem than jewels and pearls upon idle ones. Oh! how good for thee is it now that thy sainted mother accustomed thee to industry and did not seek to teach thee that thy happiness consisted in fine dress and intoxicating amusements. With diligent work unite devout prayer. The body shall work, the spirit lift itself to God. Work gains

bread for the body; prayer nourishes the soul. If thou must take the sickle in thine hand, have God in thy heart. Continued thought upon God can ennoble the lowliest work, and as it were, change the spinning-wheel and sickle into gold.

"Above all guard thy purity, avoid people who use such language as will cause thee to blush. I can no longer have a watch over thee, no more be thy good angel. Be it therefore thyself. Remember that God ever sees thee, and that He looks also into the heart. Do nothing wicked, guard even thy thoughts from evil. Be not troubled about me, pray for me, and let the dear Lord care for the rest, for I know of a truth He will not leave me. Thy pure prayers will not remain unheard. However hard my fate may be, God can make it light; iron doors and bolts do not keep Him out. God is everywhere except in the heart of the wicked, and He will be with me also in prison. Trust in Him as thy father does; in Him, the only friend who never forsakes us. God will, as I hope and believe, free me again from imprisonment. But should this be the last time that thou shalt see thy father's face, and should I have to languish in chains, let it be my comfort in my misery to think that my Rosa forgets not my admonitions, that she treads in the foot. steps of her blessed mother, is worthy of her parents and noble ancestors. And should the death hour break upon me in the dark, lonely dungeon, with no eye to see me die; no ear to hear my last sigh, no friendly hand to close my eyes softly in death, how it will console me to remember that I leave a good daughter behind, who

will follow me to heaven. The last words of thy glorified mother, would also be my last words to thee. 'Remain pious, pure, good; love God, cling to our divine Redeemer.' If thou should'st hear that death had forever loosed my chains, say over to thyself, 'those last words of my mother were also the last which my father said to me at parting'—and follow them, so will God, who, with inscrutable, but certainly wise and merciful purpose, took from thee thy mother and now takes also thy father, unite us all three again in Heaven. And, see, I have to-day suspended on its golden chain the gold medal which I received from the hand of the Emperor. I hid it here under my doublet before the enemy came. Ah! I cannot look at it without pain; how uncertain indeed is all earthly happiness. In former times the Emperor honored me with this golden chain, now I must like a culprit, wear iron ones. Take this golden badge of honor, meanwhile, in remembrance of me. Do not sell it, even in the greatest necessity. It can, when I am no longer living be of weightiest importance to thee, for thou canst prove by it at sometime, perhaps, that thou art of the noble lineage of Tannenburg. The beautiful emblem and the comforting words upon the golden medal are worth more than the precious metal out of which it is coined. Behold the 'Eye of God' surrounded with rays upon the one side, with the inscription 'IF God be with us, who can BE AGAINST US.' Remember that God's Eye sees everywhere, and even watches over us, and that those who do all things as before that Eye, and keep themselves from sin have nothing to fear. On the other side thou wilt find a cross with a radiant garland, and the words, 'In this overcome.' Remember ceaselessly the love of that One who died for us upon the Cross. We have all to strive and suffer in this world. In faith in the crucified One, however, and in true obedience to His Holy commandments, and in love and patience, following His beautiful example, trusting upon his almighty grace and in the hope of His promises, we can overcome all things that are against us. God has now, indeed, allowed a great sorrow to befall us; but what is this suffering compared to that sorrow, through which our divine Redeemer passed to his glory! In His glory will we also share, if we finish faithfully our fight on earth, and in patience hold out to the end. And now kneel down, dearest daughter, that I may bless thee." Rosa knelt down, weeping, folded her hands and bowed her lovely head, full of unutterable devotion and sorrow. The father laid his chained hand upon her head and said: "God the Almighty bless thee, and the grace of our Lord and Saviour be with thee forever." Then clasping his weeping daughter again in his arms, he said, bursting into tears. "I will never forget in my lonely prison ceaselessly to pray for thee. Promise me also that thou wilt not forget my fatherly admonitions, but wilt follow them faithfully.

"Oh," said Rosa, sobbing, "all this will I do, joy-fully, but I cannot, cannot leave thee. Oh, ask not that I should fly! perhaps my supplications, my hot tears, will move this hard-hearted Knight so that he will permit me to follow thee in imprisonment."

Now, a terrible clamor was heard once more in the castle. The hostile Knight commanded his people to depart; except those who were to remain behind as a garrison. Armed men pressed into Edelbert's room. Rosa clinging close to her father begged that she might be taken with him to prison, but they tore her with force from his arms. Edelbert was led down to the Court yard, which was illuminated by the lurid glare of many burning torches. The castle gate stood wide open to admit a multitude of soldiers on horseback, each leading a riderless steed, amongst which was Kunerich's war-horse decorated with glittering bridle and purple trappings. The excellent and patrician Edelbert was placed upon a common cart, whilst two large war ons which belonged to himself stood near laden with plundered effects. Edelbert was forced to look on and see his fine horses led out of the stables and hitched to wagons, and having not yet recovered from his wounds he shivered in the miserable, open vehicle, which had been provided for him. Knight Kunerich came finally into the yard, and swung himself upon his horse. Mounted men surrounded the cart, and with wild tumult pressed hurriedly through the gate over the resounding drawbridge. The cavalcade moved slowly down the steep mountain. Rosa overtook them. Kunerich rode near the cart in which her father sat. Weeping and praying, she pressed herself between Kunerich's horse, and the cart, and begged with outstretched arms to be allowed to sit with her father: but Kunerich, affected not to hear her; he did not look at her at all, but with one hand resting on his hip and holding in the other a drawn sword, he glanced defiantly around.

At the foot of the mountain Kunerich cried "Now, forward!" All spurred their horses, the drivers lashed them furiously, and with wild haste away they sped. Rosa ran after them in storm and rain until her strength gave out, and the train at last vanishing from her sight, left her alone in the forest and the dark.



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CHAPTER V.

Rosa, who had heretofore seldom been without attendants and who had never left the Castle, without escort, now found herself alone and unprotected in blackest night, exposed to the violence of the storm and rain. She knew not which way to turn, and sought long and vainly for a sheltered spot, in which to rest and await the coming day. Finally, she discovered a thick copse of young fir-trees, which afforded her a partial protection from the tempest. She felt no fear at the prospect of passing the night here alone, for her sorrow rendered her oblivious to all terror. She had no thought but for her father, and her tears and lamentations might have melted a heart of stone.

As the morning sky began to grow gray, she crept out of the thicket and looked about her; the sight of the towers of her ancestral Castle, rising above the tops of the mountain; the fir-trees, glistening, in the morning light, caused the tears to spring afresh to her eyes.

"How I long," said she, "to visit, once more, the home of my fathers. Perhaps I might meet one of our faithful servants who would pity me and show me the way to the good Burkhard. But the place in which I was born and raised is, indeed, forever closed to me. Scarcely was I out of the gate when it was barred and

the draw-bridge raised. Alas! those dear ancestral halls have fallen into hostile hands."

With a sad heart she descended the mountain path towards the forest in which the worthy Burkhard lived. She was unacquainted with the neighberhood, except through the descriptions given her by her father. In the deepest recesses of the wood, arose a few rugged fir-clad hills, and between these hills was the dwelling place of the worthy charcoal-burner. It was about two miles thither. Rosa fixed her eyes steadily upon the summit of the mountains and directed her way so as to keep between the two. But she found in the wilds of the forest neither pathway nor foot print; she had now to work her way, with difficulty, through a thicket, then pass over a marsh, and again wade through a woodland stream, while the dense Forest hindered her seeing the far off mountains.

Midday was already passed and yet no mountain was visible. She was wandering courageouly on when suddenly, she heard, not ten paces from her, in the copse, a loud rustling and crackling—a large stag, with majestic pronged antlers, rose up, stared at her with his wide open, black eyes, then turning aside, broke through the b anches and fled. She continued her way for a while unmolested; when all at once she was frightened by the grunting of a wild hog. Rosa looked about. The huge animal had been rooting in a bog; lifting up his head he looked grimly at her out of his small eyes and showed his frightful teeth menacingly. Rosa, hastily took fright, and ran until nea ly out of breath.

The thick bushes finally stopped her, and sitting down under a tree whose lower branches she thought to climb if the animal came after her. She listened attentively, but all remained quiet. She had now, however, entirely lost her way and knew not which direction to take, and the sun was fast sinking below the horizon.

"Ah," sighed poor Rosa, "I shall have to spend the night in this frightful wood among the wild beasts!" The hunger which her grief had hitherto prevented her noticing, began now to weaken her to such an extent that she feared she would faint. Thus, almost entirely exhausted, she again started on, and reached a little eminence in the forest from which she had a more uninterrupted view. Black clouds, with glowing crimson borders, veiled the sinking sun; the gloomy surroundings were enveloped in a dull, blood-red vapour. Rosa knelt down and prayed, "Dear God, Thou has said, 'Call upon me in time of need and I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me,' Fulfil in me this Thy word!" And behold as she prayed, the sun shone out fro a the clouds once again, and his beams illuminated a column of smoke which rose in the distance from the depths of the forest. "O God!" cried Rosa joyfully, "to Thee be praise and glory! Thou has fulfilled Thy word to me! Thou hast saved me! There the good Burkhard is making his charcoal, for otherwise the entire forest is uninhabited!" She collected her remaining strength and hurried to where she saw the smoke ascending. Rosa had rightly

surmised, Burkhard had here established his kiln, and had partially cleared the surrounding woods. He was sitting upon a charcoal heap. The stump of a tree, upon which he had fastened a little square board, served him as a rustic table upon which was spread his evening meal, consisting of bread, butter, and a pitcher of water; his axe and his tongs lay near him on the grass. He watched the sun go down, and sang, with a strong melodious voice, and with intense devotion, his evening hymn, which resounded all through the forest. Rosa recognized his voice with joy, and quickened her steps. When the good Burkhard saw Rosa coming in the distance, failing to recognize her, he started in surprise, wondering how in all the world so delicate a little Fräulein* came into the wild forest. So soon, however, as he knew her, he sprang up, greeted her from afar with a loud call, hurried to her, shook her hand pressing it energetically, after the old German fashion, and then begged pardon very politely, for having made her tender white hand so black and sooty; at the same time evincing his astonishment at seeing her here. "Merciful heavens!" said he, "It is you Fräulein, you! How in the name of wonder did you come here all alone, so late in the evening? Certainly you have lost yourself: well, well, you have come just in time; I keep, this evening, open table, in the midst of fir and pine, oak and beach, and

^{*} The term Fräulein was formerly applied only to unmarried ladies of high birth. It is now used, indiscriminately, in the same way that we use the word "Miss."

the meal is just served. Come and sit down with me on my new wooden sofa, and refresh and rest yourself a little, for you must go back home to-day or your father would not close an eye through the whole night from anxiety." "Ah," said Rosa, "my father"—but sobs choked her utterance, "do you then not know the awful story?' "Your father, the noble Baron," cried the coal-burner frightened. If his face had not been so black with coal-dust and soot, its deadly palor would have been seen. "Oh dearest Fräulein, only speak, in God's name, speak, what is it? What has happened to him?" "Oh Burkhard," said Rosa, "Kunerich von Fichtenburg took him p isoner last night and dragged him in chains to his castle." "He,"-cried the coal burner, grasping his rake, "may the —but," said he, letting fall the rake, "I will not swear, but if he has him in his power then it is hopeless, but tell how it happened. I cannot realize at all how that is possible, I left your father just yesterday evening, and all was quiet and peaceful. How could Kunerich conquer such an impregnable fortress in one night?"

Rosa sat down near the man, on the trunk of a tree and began to narrate her history. The honest Burkhard remarked soon, however, that she was hardly able to speak from hunger and weariness. He pressed upon her with cordial hospitality the buttered bread that was designed for himself. She partook with relish of the simple food, and from time to time, of the clear spring water in the pitcher. The burning coal heap lighted up the little frugal repast, and Rosa as-

serted that never in her life had food and drink tasted so good. "Yes! yes," said the coal burner, "hunger is the best sauce, none like it, is found on the table of the rich, but we poor have it. Thus does the Good God equalize all things.

After Rosa had refreshed herself and heartily thanked God for his gifts, she related fully how it had gone with her father. Burkhard listened openmouthed, abusing at intervals the cruelty of Kunerich, and lamenting his dear, good master's misfortune, often passing his hand over his eyes. As he understood that Baron Edelbert had left the Fräulein in his charge he was so moved by this trust that he began to sob aloud.

"Well, my dearest Fräulein," said he, "the dear God will not leave in fetters so good a man, but will deliver him certainly from the wolf's den, in the accursed Fichtenburg, for God leads into the pit and leads out again. Only let the dear Lord manage and all will be right. And you, my dear Fräulein, I will ever be ready to serve. See this burning coal heap, you have only to say the word and I'll spring in. For you and yours I'll go through fire. But you need rest and you are not strong enough to walk to my house; however, there is a little hut, such as coal-burners are accustomed to build, which will accommodate just one person. See, it stands there in the red glow of the coal pile under those three beech trees." The little hut consisted of some split staves planted crosswise, one upon the other in the earth, and these were covered with sod and woven in and out with young fir branches.

"The four walls," said Burkhard, smiling, "are indeed forgotten. The little hut is all roof. It is, however, so thick and strong that not a drop of rain comes through. The bed is of the finest dry moss, a mat of bast, which I plaited myself, is at the same time bed, curtain and house-door. I assure you though, when one like you, has a good consience, and is weary, they sleep as well there, as upon downy feathers under a golden canopy with silken curtains."

He conducted the little lady thither, and then sat down not far from his coal-bed under some thick branches of fir, where he had made a convenient seat of turf. He thought over the narration of the Fräulein the whole night through. What most disturbed him was the thought that the help Edelbert had given him against Kunerich, was partly the cause of the noble knight having been taken prisoner. He scratched behind his ear a hundred times; shoved his rusty cap backwards and forwards as often; at length taking it entirely off and holding it between his folded hands, he prayed fervently to God that He would rescue the noble knight, and comfort the good young lady. He thought not of sleep. Rosa, however, slept quietly until broad day despite the fearful wind-storms which howled during the entire night through the bending firs, and the violent showers, which caused the whole forest to resound.



CHAPTER VI.

When the morning broke, the wind lulled. The clouds had dispersed, and all was still. The tops of the surrounding fir-trees glittered in the pure gold of morning. The coal-burner listened, from time to time, to see if the Fräulein was awake. He thought once that she was stirring and was thankful to find himself mistaken.

"Oh!" said he, "how I envy her this rest! Sleep is such a great blessing of God! It makes us forget sorrow; it takes from us for a time, the burden we have to bear, and gives us new strength to take it up again. Dear Lord," continued he, taking off his cap, "be praised for this Thy quiet gift—sleep. So methinks is it even with its brother, the longer sleep, under the covering of moss. Yes, this is a yet greater blessing, it frees us from sorrow forever, and is followed, when our life's work is done, by the most joyous awakening."

After awhile, Agnes, the coal-burner's daughter, a very kind, good-hearted maiden, came to the kiln. She carried a basket under her arm, which contained breakfast, dinner and supper for her father.

Looking at him, she saw at once, that something was amiss, and that he bore a heavy burden on his heart. She asked him what was the matter? He motioned

to her to be still, so that she would not waken the Fräulein, led her to the mossy seat under the firs, related to her Edelbert's history, and the good child wept; tear after tear falling fast. Rosa; meanwhile awakened. The morning sun shone directly in her sweet face, through a little opening of the hut which the coal-burner had left in order that he might look after the coal-heap; and this awakened her. Remembering where she was, she wept afresh, and with tears upon her lovely cheeks, she came out of the little hut.

The coal-burner and his daughter got up from the moss bank, and hurried to her. "Oh, do not, dearest Fräulein," said Burkhard, "do not greet the morning with tears. See how beautifully clear the heavens are after the past stormy night, how brilliantly the rain-drops glisten on the young fir-trees and juniper, and how warm and lovely shines the sun.! Thus also, will the storm whi h has overtaken you and your father, soon pass away. After the thunder cloud comes the sunshine; after sorrow, cometh joy. Trust only in the dear God from whom cometh sunshine and rain, sorrow and joy!"

Rosa and Agnes greeted each other most affectionately as old acquaintances. They had not seen each other for a long time. Each wondered to see how much the other had grown in the interim. Agnes now opened her basket, and taking out a flask, poured sweet milk in a clean little earthen dish, and put it on the small, rural table. Then she brought out fresh butter and nourishing bread, and invited the Fräulein

to breakfast. Rosa took her seat upon the root of a tree; crumbling bread in the milk, she ate with a neatly carved wooden spoon, and enjoyed the repast. After Rosa had finished and thanked God and her kind host, the true-hearted man said: "Now my dearest young lady, go with my Agnes to my home and remain there until the dear Lord helps us. I will, meantime think over the matter here, whether, by the help of God I may also accomplish something. Go then with God. So soon as the coal heap there will allow, I will follow. Meanwhile, do not be so sad, and do not cry so much. Sadness does not help, and crying makes the matter no better. Listen how merrily the little birds in the trees around sing their morning song. The good God, provides richly for the poor little creatures, therefore are they so joyous. You, dearest Fräulein, and your father, are far dearer to Him, therefore be joyful and comforted. Now, go Agnes, hold the Fräulein very carefully by the hand, going down the steep foot-path, so that she may not fall; greet your mother for me. Go, and may the dear Lord guide you!"

Rosa and Agnes set out on their way in the rough, almost impassable wilderness, by which the dwelling of the coal-burner was surrounded. At first they had to go for nearly an hour without having any particular path, through a high, dark, fir forest. Emerging from this they came upon immense rocks overgrown with moss and bushes, between which a narrow foot-path wound upwards. They had to climb a long time. Now

the narrow pathway led them by the steep side of high rocks, and by the side of abysses in which they could see far beneath them the tops of the highest firs. Finally there was a frightful abyss, Rosa looked up, not without anxiety at the high thicket-covered rocks, which hung threateningly over her head and allowed only a span's breadth of the pure, clear sky between. "Ah, Agnes," said she, "whither art thou leading me? I am alarmed as to whether we find a way out, or into what kind of frightful wilderness we shall now come." She had hardly said this when an opening in the rocks revealed a little valley resembling a blooming garden spread out in the full splendor of the sun before her. "Oh, how beautiful!" cried Rosa, it is to me like coming out of the wilderness to the promised land." Her heart was lightened; it aroused in her a joyous hope that God would, in like manner, give to her sad fate a joyful issue, and lead her from rough paths to happiness. Above in the beautiful rolling valley, stood the coal-burner's house, with its flat, wide-projecting roof. The house was built entirely of wood, and the yellow brown color gave it a not unpleasant appearance. Dark green firs rose behind the house; young, white and redblossoming fruit trees surrounded it, and a little brook, clear as crystal, murmurred close by. The whole valley sparkled with fresh green and lovely flowers of all hues, and the high rocks and trees that surrounded this enclosure the entire year, sheltered it from the rough winds so that the spring-time always came here earlier than elsewhere. Below, in the meadows of the valley cows were grazing, while on the sides of the copse-covered rocks, goats were climbing. A little well laid out garden, with a railed hedge of fir branches, bloomed and blossomed next to the house. A bee-hive, with cells of woven straw, stood in one corner of the garden; the bees hummed joyously about as they industriously worked, and chickens scratched, contentedly, before the house-door in the sand.

Rosa walked into the little sitting-room and wearily seated herself upon the wooden bench. The little room was extremely clean, and through the clear little window was a splendid view of the rocky valley. It was already mid-day. The coal-burner's wife was busy in the kitchen, but when she heard her daughter talking with some one, she came quickly to the door. She greeted the young lady with indescribable delight, thinking she had only come to make a friendly visit, but when she learned how the matter stood, she broke into loud crying, then, recovering herself she comforted Rosa most lovingly.

"Dearest, best Fräulein," said she, "we welcome you most heartily to our little vale and in our little cot. See, this house, which your father allowed us to build, was erected, he little thinking you were one day to occupy it. "To you shall it now belong entirely; therefore, be perfectly at home in your own possessions, until the good God shall restore you and your father to your castle, which he will assuredly soon do. We will all meanwhile endeavor to serve you."

·Rosa said, much moved, "Oh, my God how much good it does one, when in distress, to fall into the hands of good people! How I thank you for your love! How thankful I am that my father was always your friend!"

The good wife had, however, now another trouble, which was, at least, not small to her, and which made her for awhile forget Rosa's sorrows. "Alas," said she, "I have so lovely and worthy and distinguished a visitor, and know not what I shall set before the Fraulein. We have to-day nothing but porridge, which is so thick and heavy that we could dance upon it. I do not know what to prepare. If it were only not already dinner time. However, Agnes, while away the time a bit for the young lady, and I will go into the kitchen and see what I can make out of flour, eggs, and butter." "Rosa tried in vain to quiet her. The anxious, busy, house-mother went into the kitchen, and brought within half an hour, some rural dishes, which were indeed very nicely prepared; but, she began afresh to make excuses. "We have neither beer nor wine," said she sighing, "to set before a gracious young lady, nothing but water, which is indeed not suitable. To-day is the first time in my life that I have heavily felt my poverty."

"Oh, my dear Gertraud," said Rosa, "you know not how rich and happy you are in your poverty. Of your food, by which you are all healthy and strong, and which also tastes very nice to me, I will not at all now speak, for you have something better than rare food and costly drinks—a still, quiet life. Oh, how much good this rest in your peaceful valley does my heart! How unrestful, on the contrary, was it at our Castle! How often my father, through all his pain, was plagued with worldly affairs. How often was he harassed by men who had quarrels; how often troubled by sad tidings from war, and how dreadful was the enemy's invasion! Oh, be joyous, and thank God for this friendly retreat, where, instead of the world's tumult and the trumpets of war—you hear nothing save the song of wood-birds, and the crowing of cocks, the lowing of cows and the little bells of goats. I would like to pass my whole life here, if only my father were with me; and he would I know, agree with me."



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CHAPTER VII.

The worthy Burkhard had not allowed himself to be seen or heard for many days. He had only told his daughter (when she went again to carry his food in the forest,) that as he intended taking his coal to town, she need not bring him any more to eat, as he hoped soon to be home himself. All was ready and nicely prepared for his return when suddenly he, walked one evening, into the room. He had a heavy stag on his shoulder and in his hand he carried a bow and arrows. Laying his burden on the floor he greeted the Fräulein and his people, all of whom were most heartily rejoiced to see him. "Did you sell your coal well, dear Burkhard?" said the wife, "Eh the coal!" cried Burkhard, "that was my last thought. If only my golden hopes had not turned to coal: I have been during this time in all sorts of places, of which I would not previously speak to you. I went to see Knights whom our dear young lady's father had helped out of great trouble, I proposed to them to storm Kunerich's castle; and to free our good master, forcibly, or, at least, to surprise Kunsrich in the chase, arrest him and shut him up in the deepest dungeon until he should release Edelbert and give him back all his stolen goods. But all my pleadings were in vain. They said, Kunerich was too powerful; the undertaking too dangerous; evil might result. We must wait until Edelbert's other friends

returned from war, when they might perhaps make an attempt. Concerning you, my young lady, the poltroons did not once inform themselves, and I could have wept tears of blood over their ingratitude. I could not tell them, my dear young lady, that you were to be found with me, nor could I ask any of them if they would take you into their castle. You do better to remain with us, but you can think the matter over."

"There is nothing to think over," said Rosa, "I would a hundred times rather remain with you, if you will be so good as to keep me." "Keep," cried Burkhard, with tears in his eyes, "Do you think we have forgotten how your noble-hearted father rescued me from the hands of the evil Kunerich? How kindly he took me, with wife and child, to his castle? House and food and all that we have, we owe to him, and we would be the most ungrateful people in the world if we could forget such deeds of kindness. No, no! such ingrates are we not. Stay, therefore, with us dearest Fräulein, I will perform a father's part by you; my Gertrude and my Agnes will fondle you, and we will all do everything to make this lonely abode bearable to you. Only believe that we find the greatest happiness in serving so lovely a young lady, the daughter of our benefactor and master."

He then took up again the stag which still lay at his feet, and said, "You have for many days my good Fraulein, had to put up with Lent fare, the fresh venison shall give you an excellent supper now. I will myself prepare it. I have often done this when I was

with your father in the chase," saying this, he took the game to the kitchen.

On the following morning he made many changes in his house, in order to have a more comfortable lodging for Rosa. He gave her the best room, which he had arranged as well as he could. "So, my Fraulein," said he, when he was through with the work, "now you are at least housed, food also sha'l not fail you. All the game in the great, broad forest around belongs to your father. I will bring in for you venison and hares, wild ducks and snipe, in abundance. Yes, if you wish it, whole stags and wild boar." He conducted Rosa about in the valley, his wife and Agnes accompanying them; he showed her his fields and meadows, while he constantly extolled the generosity of her benevolent father. He took her to see his little garden, and when Rosa seemed pleased with the bees, he immediately made her a present of the prettiest cell in the hive and broke off for her some of the waxen cakes, as the beesin whose sieve-covered cells the honey glittered like transparent gold-were well through the winter. He never came back from the kiln without bringing something; now a vessel made of fir bark, full of fragrant berries, then a little basket full of big clams, and a taste of edible mushrooms. He brought her a pair of little turtle doves, for which he himself prepared the cage. Once he came back from the forest with a lovely little fawn, which ran after him like a dog. He had tamed it for Rosa so that it would soon become accustomed to her also. Whenever he remained home a few

days he quite understood how to amuse her; he would talk to her frequently of the knightly acts of her father, and of the piety and benevolence of her blessed mother, of earlier times with which Rosa was not acquainted, a narration which was equally instructive and pleasing.

The good wife was not behind her husband in courteous service. When she heard that Rosa had been deprived of all her white linen, she busied herself with a motherly care to resupply her. She took linen from the chest and cut off some undergarments for her, she gave her knitting-yarn for hose, and regretted only that these wares were not fine enough for the young maiden. The industrious mother had, the winter before, spun a quantity of flax for a piece of very fine linen, so soon as it came from the weaver's she gave it to the Fraulein and the cloth was immediately spread out upon the green turf, near the little brook, to bleach. This present was of double worth and gratification to Rosa; first, because she had such need of it, and because, it gave her at the same time useful employment.

Agnes, also, was a very kind and pleasant companion to the young girl. They worked and amused themselves together. Fräulein Rosa gave her lessons in sewing and knitting. They together sprinkled the cloth on the little bleaching ground. They took care of the little garden near the house, in which Rosa felt great interest, although scarcely anything was to be seen there except the most useful vegetables, cabbage and salad, leek and onion, radish and turnip, peas and beans; and as ornament, some golden-yellow meri-

golds, nasturtions red as fire, the blue convolvulus, and here and there, a purple red poppy. They went walking in the blooming valley and in the splendid forest; threw bread crumbs from the trellised bridge, to the fleet little fish in the clear water below; they listened to the songs of a great variety of birds, with all of which Agnes was familiar; they plucked berries and gathered all kinds of wild flowers; in all of these things Rosa took a peculiar delight.

But the young girl was never perfectly joyous; the fate of her father remained always in her mind; often they did not know where she was, and after long search they would find her in the deep gloom of the forest, or some grotto, where she, with tears, was praying for her father. Time, only, rendered her burden more intolerable, and the only relief she experienced was when she and the good people made plans together, for lightening the misery of the dear prisoner, or for freeing him altogether.

One Sunday all four were sitting at dinner and the liberation of the good knight from prison, was, as usual, almost the only table talk. The meal, was nearly over, and there stood, on the table, only a little earthen basin full of mushrooms, yellow as gold, richly prepared with fresh butter and spices. The coalburner, who knew well how to distinguish between the edible and the poisonous mushrooms, had gathered them with great care for Rosa, because she liked them so much. "Eat, then, eat," said he, "we don't care much for the trash, but people of rank seem to think

wonders of them; formerly, I carried many to your castle, specially of that kind called morel, and these are nowhere to be met with so good as near a kiln. Another coal-burner in the forest of Fichtenburg used to send very many to Fichtenburg Castle by his children. One of his girls, went into service to the Postern Guard, but his wife who was a very termagent drove the girl away before many days, and then my sooty colleague, who is indeed a tolerably boisterous fellow, swore he would send no more mushrooms thither, even should the people come on their hands and knees and beg him for them." Rosa sprang suddenly up from the table and cried joyously: "I have This is the plan! I shall dress myself as a coalburner's daughter, carry mushrooms to the Burg, seek to win favor with the warden's wife, enter her service and bring matters so far, that I shall see my father and do him good in many ways, and perhaps be able to free him entirely. Oh, God!" she cried, gazing with folded hands to Heaven, "grant Thy blessing to this project." The coal-burner shook his head and made objections, but Rosa refuted them all, and he had to give in. She hurried out of the door and came in again, in a few minutes, dressed as a coal-burner's daughter. She had changed her long sky-blue dress for one of Agnes' neat, tidy suits. The red bodice, black jacket, and green skirt, together with the dazzling white collar and apron, fitted as though they were made for her, as did also the rural straw hat. The coal-burner's wife and Agnes, sincerely pleased to see her dressed like themselves clapped their hands with delight, and felt even more confidingly towards her than ever. "The dress is beautifully becoming to you," said the wife, "but your sweet little face, looking like milk and roses, and your tender white hands do not correspond with it, they will soon suspect who you are." Burkhard knew of a harmless decoction by which her hands and face could be made brown, and which would wash off; he at once made a trial of it, and his wife and Agnes exclaimed, "Oh, that's it, no one can recognize you now!" Rosa wished to go immediately, on the following day to Fichtenburg, lest another maid should obtain the place. "Try it then by God's help," said the charcoal burner. "This evening I will gather the finest mushrooms, the golden-yellow, and silver-gray ones, and there are some strings of dried morel already hanging up in the house. Agnes will accompany you through the woods to the little hill, where stand the three stone crosses, and from which point Fichtenburg can be seen, so that you can not miss the way. There near the crosses in the forest she shall await your return."

Very early on the following morning Rosa was ready for her journey. She carried on her arm the basket of mushrooms, and Agnes took another in which was food.

The coal burner and his wife, earnestly blessed Rosa, when she departed and gave her much wise counsel. Then—looking after her with tearful eyes—the coalburner said: "The good child, she must succeed or there is no force in the promise of the fifth commandment."

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CHAPTER VIII.

Rosa, in the garb of a charcoal burner's daughter, reached, safely, the end of the forest, which had heretofore separated her from the rest of the world, and her heart was pierced at sight of the distant high watchtowers of Fichtenburg.

"Oh, God," she said, "perhaps in the dungeon under this tower my father is lying. How is he indeed? Is he well? Has he not succumbed under the burdens of sorrow and imprisonment? Does he still live? O that I may succeed in getting to him. O God direct my footsteps and let me find favor with those to whom I am going."

Rosa took leave of Agnes and continued her journey alone. When she had climbed up to the high Castle, and walked through the open gate, she saw Knight Kunerich, on horseback, dazzlingly attired in green and gold with a swaying tuft of black and white Ostrich plumes upon his helmet. He was surrounded by many pages and hunters, all just starting on the chase. At sight of her father's cruel enemy, Rosa felt her knees tremble under her, and, no longer able to stand she was obliged to sit down on one of the stone benches near the postern. Then the huntsmen's horns, resounded and the cavalcade passed out very close to her. Rosa stood up, but the proud Knight scarcely

glanced at the poor trembling girl as he rode out of the gate with his people, and she again seated herself on the bench, her heart unutterably anxious, and feeling much alarmed. She thought it was best to wait until some one spoke to her. After awhile some children came, and standing off at a little distance, looked at her. Rosa spoke kindly to them and asked their names which they told her, becoming at once quite confident. Othmar, the boy, lifted up the lid of the basket, which she had put down on the bench beside her, and peeped to see what was in it, whilst the little Bertha reached out her hand after the blue and red kornblumen which Rosa had stuck in her straw hat. Rosa gave the flowers to the little girl, and presented both children with some sweet, early peas, which the coal-burner's wife had given her to eat on the way. All three were soon talking together as easily as though they were brother and sisters.

These were the children of the Postern Guard or warden who, just then glanced, furtively from a little side door of the postern, which was made there, in order to observe what passed in and out, and who was surprised to see a strange maiden talking so familiarly with his children. The pure accent, the gentle voice, the noble carriage, of the friendly country maid, in the neat, spotless, peasant dress appeared remarkable to him.

"Never in my life," said he, "have I seen such a neat little peasant maid."

He came out and led Rosa into the room. "What

have you there for sale?" asked he in a friendly manner.

Rosa opened the basket and showed him the mush-rooms, and the man asked what she would take for them.

"What you are willing to pay," said Rosa, "for I think you would certainly not give a poor girl too little."

"That is well answered!" said the man, "wait here I will myself take them to the Castle kitchen and bargain for you. They have not been able to get any for a long while. I will take care that you shall not receive too little for them." He took the basket and went off.

Very soon after this the wife of the guard came into the room bringing soup for dinner.

"How did you come in here, you audacious hussy?" said she to Rosa. "Who are you? What do you want? How dare you come right into this room, a perfect stranger, without being announced? Take yourself out immediately, or I'll throw the key at your head, and set the whole pack of house dogs on you."

The children begged for Rosa, and showed the fruit and flowers which she had given them, and just then the warden came back with the empty basket and money.

"Well, well," said he, "do not be quite so violent. The girl is honest, and I thought perhaps she would remain with us as we again have need of a servant. But if you carry on like that no one will stay with you,

and besides, I, myself, brought the good child into the room."

"That is another thing," said his wife "then she may stay. You must not take it amiss child, that I flew into a passion, for it is necessary to keep a careful eye upon all strangers, else we'd have nothing."

"You are right," said Rosa, "you assuredly could not know that I was brought in here, and I was also to blame for remaining alone in a strange room, under these circumstances. I admire your zeal and beg your pardon."

That pleased the women, for whenever she was recognized to be in the right, she was readily satisfied.

"Because you divided your fruit with my children, you shall share a part of our dinner, come sit down to the table and eat with us."

Rosa dined with them, but although the two children gave her so much to do that she could scarcely take a spoonful to her mouth—yet she constantly talked to them, with her own peculiar affability of manner, answered all of their questions, and was so kind to the little ones that the mother was charmed. When Rosa took the empty basket and was about to go both children cried, "Stay here, stay here." "Yes, I would like very much if you could stay," said the mother, "could you not come into my service?"

"Oh, most gladly," said Rosa, "and I would serve you faithfully and honestly."

"Very well," said the woman, "go home first and speak to your people about it, and if they agree, you

can enter into service here on the following Saturday." She also mentioned, while putting some white bread and dried meat into her basket, how much she would pay her. "My compliments to your people," said she, "and may you reach home safely."

Rosa thanked her for the gift, and hurried to the forest, where Agnes was sitting under a hazel bush, not far from the three crosses, knitting. She sprang up quickly as soon as she saw the Fräulein coming in the distance and ran to meet her, saying, "God be praised, my dear Fräulein, that you are back again. You must be weary and hungry. Come sit down under the hazel bush, on the green, where my basket is, and refresh yourself with milk and bread and butter—and tell me how all has gone."

Rosa went with her—"Oh, you good Agnes," said she, "You have really waited lunch until my return. You have not in all this time touched anything, do eat now. Although I have had something to eat already, I will sit down with you for a few moments, but let us hurry, we must not risk the dangers of the night, and I can talk with you as we walk, and also eat another little piece of buttered bread on the way." Agnes said "Yes, I can do that too."

They started without delay, Deep in the forest, when the sun had gone down, they rejoined the faithful coal-burner and his wife, who were uneasy about Rosa and Agnes, and had come to meet them. The good peo ple rejoiced that everything had gone so well, and were only pained that now they must lose their beloved

Fräulein. They passed the rest of the time returning, in confidential talk.

When they reached the little valley the full moon had already risen in the East and was illuminating with its saffron beams the peaceful dwelling of the coal-burner.

Rosa returned to her room very weary but also very happy and thanked God upon her knees, before she laid her down to sleep, that He had blessed the beginning of her undertaking and begged Him to guide it to a happy end.

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CHAPTER IX.

The following Saturday, upon which Rosa had to go, was a very sad day for all in the house. It was inexpressibly hard for her to leave these good people who were so kind to her, and the lovely valley in which she had lived, so peacefully, to go to the castle of an enemy, of whom she could not think without fear, knowing as she did, but too well, that she was now entering upon a service in which no small suffering awaited her.

But strong in her trust in God and her love to her father, she courageously persisted. The honest Burkhard and his wife accompanied her to the end of the forest, and then with burning tears and devout wishes for blessings upon her head, took leave of her—but Agnes, who carried her little traveling bundle accompanied her to the gate of Fichtenburg. The gate-keeper's wife received them both in a friendly manner.

"That is honest to keep your word," said she to Rosa. "Now take a seat, I will see that you both are comfortably entertained."

Rosa opened the basket which she had on her arm, and gave the woman some reels of very fine flax, as a reciprocal greeting from her people, which made her even more friendly.

"You and your people know what good-breeding is," said she, "all will be well with you."

Rosa had brought pears and plums and a quantity of hazel nuts and dried dornschlehen for the children, with which they were unusually delighted. All were very happy. After dinner, Agnes took leave of Rosa with many tears.

"There, there," said the Fräu, "do not cry so, you can often come to see us. I will be much pleased, and if you will always bring with you some moril I will be all the more pleased and your expenses will be defrayed."

Agnes promised to come quite often, and went out of the door still sobbing.

Thus, Rosa, who had now parted from all her trusted friends, found herself within the walls of a hostile castle, andshe felt herself perfectly alone in the world.

After Agnes was gone the warden's wife seated herself in the large arm-chair, that stood near the stove, assumed a slightly lofty air, and said, pointing to the floor, "You Rosel, stand there awhile. I have a few words to say to you; pay strict attention. I know well that people say they cannot, at all, deal with me, because I an too passionate and out-spoken. I have had nearly twenty servants in five years and everbody in the whole country around here, will tell you the same thing, but they say nothing of what kind of faults these servants had. I must describe these specimens to you."

She began with fluent tongue and much warmth to describe her previous maids. "The first," said she, "Brigitte—but I will not mention the name of the servants, for I would not bring them into evil repute;

I will only put their faults before your eyes as a warning. Well the Brigitte, with whom I was perhaps the most enraged, was in the highest degree proud and haughty, she always knew best and was never wrong. Once she burnt a cake for me as completely to a coal, as though she had learned the art from a charcoal burner, and yet she asserted to my face in a perfectly shameless manner, that the cake looked as beautifully yellow as gold and that none in the whole world could taste better. Then my wrath ran over and I showed her the door.

"The other was greedy, satisfied with nothing and always surly and peevish. She constantly made a face as though she tasted worm-wood, and always had some complaint against the food. More than ten times she reproached me by saying 'she had too much work and too little pay,' and I finally had enough of it and said, 'Well, Urshel, then look for a service where you will have less work and more pay.'

"The third was laziness itself. I thought I should never live to see her finish any work. While she washed a cooking utensil the grass could grow under her feet. She was too lazy to stoop, and when she had swept the room, she left the broom lying before the door, walking over it ten times, until at last I would have to stand it in the corner. Every morning I had to wake her and call out about ten times, 'Do get up you lazy Käthe.' It really was almost necessary for the angel Gabriel with his trumpet to come and rouse her, and I believe if I had just let her lie, she would be

sleeping now. Who would be willing to have such a lazy servant in her service? I said she should go, and if she was too lazy to walk I would have her removed in a wheel-barrow.

"The fourth was dainty mouthed; cream and butter, bacon and lard, were about as safe before her as before a cat. One Sunday afternoon in Spring time, I started to the next village to meet my husband who was across the field. On the way I looked around, and saw smoke issuing from my chimney. I returned immediately, and as I stepped into the kitchen, what do you suppose I saw? There sat my fine Margrethe by the hearth with a great dish full of apple pies before her. Dear me, how I behaved! She had to take herself, bag and baggage, out of the house, for who could endure to keep even over night such an untrustworthy animal?

"The fifth was untidy in her dress, but fine on Sundays and feastdays, when she walked in here like a peacock; but on week days she looked as though she was composed of dirt and rags. If anybody had stuffed her and stood her in the fields, she would not only have scared the crows, but even the wild hogs would have run away from her. The Knight sent this one away; he said it was unbecoming that such a scare-crow should meet the eye of anybody on entering the castle.

The sixth was in the highest degree forgetful and inattentive, and did not, in the least, look after my interests. She did not think of a thing, and I had to tell her afresh every day what she had to do each hour. She broke, for me, more dishes and jars than are days in the year. She poured out the pewter spoons with the rinsing water, and I found one of them in the pig-sty, which the hog had chewed up. Soon after she broke a glass all to pieces, I heard it jingle and ran into the kitchen, but she had already hidden the bits and she denied the deed. However she was not sly enough for me; she had thrown the pieces of glass in the dish-water, from whence I fished them, and in my eagerness cut my finger, which made me more angry. 'So,' said I, 'the pieces of glass are to choke my hogs—But rather than lose my hogs I will part with you.' She had to go.

"The seventh was pert and tattling as a jackdaw. She always evesdrapped at doors; and all that passed in the house, she told outside, and occasioned many quarrels and disputes by so doing. If you wished anything to be well known, it was only needful to entrust her with it; and thus you could spare yourself the expense necessary for its publication. She was a horrible chatterbox, who exaggerated everything and never could come to the end of her story. But - listen! some one rings for me; I must stop now. I am quite sorry, for I have much more to say, and I could talk to you of each one of these servants for hours. We will save the rest until to-morrow, as it will be Sunday, and we will have plenty of time to talk about it. Meanwhile note these faults and guard against them, as against all others which I will show you through the mirror of my several maids so that we may not have to fall out with each other."

Rosa readily comprehended that the woman herself, had exaggerated matters, and was not justified in complaining of others, because of her own loquacity. She also very rightly thought that these maids should first have a hearing before passing judgment upon them, therefore she simply said:

"If a servant had only a tenth part of the faults enumerated, she deserved blame, and a housekeeper who upholds industry, cleanliness and good management, could not, of course, be satisfied with her. I will take pains to shun all of these failings."

Rosa was really the embodiment of a good servant, she served her earthly master according to the teachings of Jesus and his apostles, not only before their eyes, that she might be praised of men, but with an honest heart and through fear of God. Whatever she did, she did it with her whole heart, willingly - as though she did it unto God, and not unto men. was untiringly industrious; it was a pleasure to look on and see how briskly she took hold of the work, and how well everything succeeded with her. It was never necessary to command her twice; for she did the daily work at the right time, and did not wait to be told. She, herself, saw what was to be done before anybody had time to think of giving an order. Furniture and household articles she put in place when they were not being used, and kept the room tidy in the highest degree, never resting until the utensils in the kitchen glittered so brightly that they seemed to smile upon all who came in. With the property of her mistress, she was

more careful than with her own, and handled the earthen utensils as carefully as though they were made of the finest porcelain. She never let a needle lie on the floor, but took it up and stuck it in her mistress's pincushion. It would have been a horror to her to eat tit-bits secretly, she would have been afraid of the sin of purloining even a skein of thread. She was very quiet, and never allowed anything that was said or done in the house to pass her lips. She was very easily satisfied and contented, and therefore always cheerful and friendly. She was modesty itself. When she made a mistake, she acknowledged the fault and begged pardon.

When she was scolded without cause, she understood the great art of keeping quiet at the right time; and her silence and the sight of her angelic demeanor, touched and softened the irritable woman more than anything which Rosa could have said in her own defence. The gate-keeper's wife gradually became more amiable, and there was actually here and there a day when, to the no little astonishment of her husband, she did not quarrel one single time. Rosa had nevertheless a very hard service. She was mistress of the delicate feminine work suited to her age; but to much of the rough work which she now had to do, she, as a nobly born Fräulein, was entirely unaccustomed, and for this reason it was very hard for her. She was obliged to get up every morning before day, bring wood and water, light the fire in the kitchen, wash up the things, sweep the room floor, and the kitchen pavement, and do much

other work of like nature. As there were many kinds of work which she did for the first time in her life. and which she could not at once accomplish perfectly, she was scolded as stupid and unskillful by the irritable woman and called all kinds of bad names. The food was good of its kind, but many of the dishes were so new and strange to the patrician Fräulein that it cost her a little struggle to partake of them. Her bed was clean, it is true, but for one of noble birth, very miserable. When she had worked hard from early morning to late evening, and had been scolded and quarrelled with, she would go, weary and sad, to her little bedroom and her only comfort was to have half an hour to herself when she could be alone and carry her sorrows to God. She often opened the window, looked up to the stars with tearful eyes and prayed, "Oh, my God, I will bear all of these sufferings if only at the end, my beloved father shall by this means be freed."



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CHAPTER X.

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Rosa had already spent many hard days in her service, and still had found no opportunity of getting to her father. It was very painful to her to be so near and yet not to be able to see him. However, all at once, she felt a ray of hope, for she had noticed that the warden was also jailor and had to carry food to the prisoners. She informed herself from time to time concerning all prisoners, and thus heard that her beloved father was, at least, alive and well. She often asked the warden to show her the prisoners, but he always shook his head and said: "One must not be over curious." Often she could not keep back the tears when she saw the little earthen dish of weak soup together with the black bread and water pitcher which were designed for her father.

"Ah," she said sighing, "what I suffer is nothing compared to what he has to endure! I will henceforth look upon all my sorrows as trifles."

One evening just as the soup for the prisoners was standing ready on the tray, the jailor said to Rosa, "Come with me! to-morrow I have to go away on business, for my lord, so I will show you the dungeons, in order that you may take food to the inmates for my wife has little time and still less inclination to do it."

He took the tray of things in one hand and the bunch of rattling keys in the other, and went on

through a long dark passage. It was a most unexpected event to Rosa that she should see her father at this moment.

As great as was her joy she felt a kind of fright—she was perfectly tremulous. With beating heart she followed the keeper through the dark way. She was by this time quite composed, and controlled herself steadily, not wishing, as yet, to let her father know her, "For," thought she, "if the secret that I am his daughter should be found out, they would certainly not entrust me with the key to his cell."

The Keeper remained standing by a little opening which was in the thick wall, and which was closed by a little iron shutter. This he raised. Rosa looked eagerly and tremblingly in. A man with uncombed hair and beard and a terrible countenance, sat in the dark dungeon. "He," said the jailer, "was a brave, robust warrior; but the passion for gaming and accursed drink, degraded him from a noble, brave soldier, to a highwayman. I should not like to share the reward which awaits him." He handed in the soup and water, and again closed the opening.

He unfastened another little window shutter; Rosa saw in the damp vault a deathly pale female figure in heavy chains, with streaming hair, sunken cheeks and eyes full of indescribable melancholy.

"This," said the jailor, as he placed the soup inside and again closed the shutter, "was once a maiden as beautiful as an angel, if only she had remained as pure. But she secretly strayed into evil paths, and now a heavy suspicion rests on her of being a child murderess. If it is true, she will be put to death by the sword. Despair often makes her quite mad, therefore if you value your life, never open the door of her cell, she can do you an injury and escape.

"Into this one alone can we dare go," said the warden, as he opened an iron door—"This is a good man—gentle and uncomplaining as patience itself, it is Baron Edelbert von Tannenburg."

The poor trembling Rosa, would not have known him. He was very pale and thin and had a long beard. His clothing was worn out and threadbare.

He was sitting upon a stone seat to which he was bound, with a long chain so that he might walk about in the dungeon, and upon the table, near by, which was hewn out of a single large stone, stood an earthen jug together with some dry bread. The good Baron had his left arm resting upon the table and he leaned his forehead on his hand. The right, he sadly offered to his jailor. Near the table stood an old worm-eaten wooden bedstead. Some straw and a coarse woolen covering served as bed. The whole aspect of the prison was terrible and comfortless in the extreme.

Being designed for captive Knights it was very spacious and lofty, masoned around with gigantic blocks of stone and the vaulted ceiling and walls were dark grey from age. There was only one single narrow window, strongly grated in the thick wall. The greater part of the little round window panes were filled up on the outside by rubbish, the others were overgrown

by nettles, so that only a few rays of light penetrated this gloomy sepulchre, and these served merely to render it more awful.

"Baron," said the jailor, "my servant girl will bring your meals to-morrow, I have to go away on business."

Edelbert looked at Rosa, and was immediately reminded of his daughter, yet he did not recognize her.

"My God," he sighed as the tears came to his eyes, "my Rosa is just that size and age. Oh, can you tell me nothing at all of her, good warden? Have you been able to obtain no information concerning her, where and how she is? I have indeed asked you this a hundred times."

The warden replied, "The dear God in Heaven knows where she is, for no one among men has been able to discover what has become of her."

"Ah, God," said Edelbert, "so then not one of those Knights who, in my prosperity, called themselves my friends, has felt pity on my daughter and taken her to his castle!"

Edelbert now thought of his faithful Burkhard and hoped that Rosa was with him, but would not give them to understand this as he did not wish the good charcoal-burner to come to any misfortune through his enemy Kunerich, so he only said:

"Well, well! I trust she is with God-fearing people, who watch over her so that she shall remain good and pure. Only, dear Lord, grant me the assurance of this before I die in this dungeon, then will I close my eyes in peace without even seeing her face again. How yearn-

ingly do I wish this before my death! Warden, you do not know what a dear, good child my Rosa was to me, how she loved me, how she did everything for me, ever divining my wishes. She was never other than a comfort to me. But I believe wherever she is, it will be well with her. Be thou, dear child," turning to Rosa, "as obedient to thy parents if they are living."

Rosa, who until now, had felt only terror, at the awful dungeon and the pale face of her father, began to weep and sob as if her heart was broken, and it was with pain she restrained herself from falling upon her father's breast.

Edelbert wondered to see her so moved and said: "Hast thou but recently lost thy father and mother that thou weepest so hopelessly?"

Rosa could scarcely reply for tears, that her mother had been dead for a long while, and her father was still living, though in great distress.

"Well," said Edelbert, "God will have mercy upon him! Thou hast a very tender heart, dear child! God preserve it from evil!"

"It is true," said the jailor to Rosa, "you are far too soft hearted, do not cry so else I cannot resign this business to you. As for the rest," continued he, turning to Edelbert, "she is a genuinely good child, so gentle, so willing, so industrious; there cannot be found ten miles around a better maid, and my wife and I cannot praise her enough, for the love and care she bestows upon our children. If only my little Bertha will become like her, I will thank God every day upon my knees."

Edelbert looked at Rosa with unutterable kindness. "God bless thee, dear daughter!" said he, offering her the fettered hand, "always be a good child, pray carnestly and trust in God, and thy father will assured by be sustained and live to have great joy in thee."

"God grant it!" said Rosa, with broken voice, as she kissed the outstretched hand, upon which her hot tears fell.

It was well that the jailor had to retire, for Rosa could not longer have restrained herself, she scarcely knew how she came out of the prison, she reeled back through the long passage and was compelled to support herself by the sides of the wall to avoid falling.



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CHAPTER XI.

Rosa spent the remainder of the evening in very sad thought. The wan look, of her beloved father burdened with chains as she had seen him in prison, was ever before her eyes. His suffering pierced her soul and only the near hope of discovering herself to him and lightening his misery, mitigated her pain. As soon as the full days work was done and she was at liberty to retire to her bed-room, she fell down on her knees and prayed with burning tears unto God that He, who had heretofore blessed her undertaking, would still further assist her and bring, through her, comfort and refreshment to her poor oppressed father. She then laid herself down to sleep, but she had hardly closed her eyes when she was awakened by the guard's wife to prepare a breakfast for her husband who had to go away at two o'clock. She kindled the fire and made some soup whilst the warden praised her cookery and promised to bring her something if she did her work well in his absence; then swinging himself on his horse, he rode away. The drawbridge was again lifted up and the gate key delivered to Kunerich by a soldier, who always kept it in strong custody at night.

The warden's wife went to sleep again and Rosa found herself alone in the desolate room. Softly and carefully she selected from the bunch of keys, the one which belonged to her father's prison, and taking the

jailor's lantern which hung in the closet near them, went into the next room where she waited a while to see if all in the castle was still and quiet, then putting her little oil lamp into the lantern, she threw her apron over it, stole barefoot through the long, awful passage, to the cell of her father, and as noiselessly as possible opened the door. Entering the prison with her dim lantern, which the soot rendered yet more obscure, she saw—Edelbert sitting with folded arms on the stone near the table. He was surprised as he thought he recognized, by the sickly glare of the lantern, the servant girl of the jailor.

"Is it thou, good child? What dost thou want so late at night, or rather so soon in the morning? It is not long since the watchman cried two o'clock."

"Forgive," whispered Rosa in a low voice, "that I disturb you, though as I see, you have not slept. I wished so much to talk with you alone, that is why I came at this hour of the night."

"Oh, my child," said Edelbert, "that is dangerous, evil might come to you, a good child should generally, at night, never set foot over the threshold of her chamber, but rather fasten the doors more securely, like the window of my prison cell here."

"Don't be uneasy," said Rosa, "all in the castle, the watchman and even the cock, lie in deepest slumber, not without consideration and prayer do I come here. God directs my footsteps and He is truly with me. Only a few words do I wish to speak with you, your

distress about your daughter goes so to my heart, that I cannot sleep—I come to give you tidings of her."

"Of my Rosa?" asked he quickly. "Oh, God! if that were so, then wert thou, dear child, as welcome to me as an angel of heaven, who might visit my prison. Oh, say on, say on, dost thou know her? Hast thou seen her? Hast thou thyself spoken with her? Is she well? Is all well with her? Oh, speak, speak! Canst thou tell me anything definite concerning her?"

"I can give you the most positive tidings of her," said Rosa. "See here! do you recognize this golden chain, this golden medal?"

"God of Heaven!" cried Edelbert clutching it with shaking hands. "That is truly the golden souvenir which I gave to my Rosa in the parting hour as a continual reminder. I commanded her so emphatically never to let this precious gift pass from her hands. Thou must have been very well acquainted with her, dear child, and she must think a great deal of thee, that she could trust it with thee. Assuredly she did this only that I might the more readily believe in thee, and the tidings thou bringest of her must of a truth be very important."

"She gave it not to stranger hands, dear father," now cried Rosa, "see, I am Rosa, thy daughter."

"Thou!" cried Edelbert astonished. "Oh, do not deceive me! My daughter was, what her name implies—a blooming rose—and thou—thou art not!"

Rosa had, before going to her father, very carefully removed from her face, with soap and water, the dis-

figuring brown color. She now took the bright little oil lamp out of the dusky lantern, and lo! her soft, pure face was lovelier and prettier than her father had ever seen it, white and rosy like a tender lily in the purple glow of morning, or in the reflex hue of a sister rose. Her brown curls waved in ringlets around her head, and tears glistened in her eyes, while with the tender mercy of an angel, she smiled on him.

"Rosa, thou?" cried the father beside himself while the golden chain fell from his hands. "Thou here? Oh, come to my arms! Oh, now that I have thee again, this strong fortress of heavy square stones may crash together. I care not."

He clasped her in his arms and moistened her face with his tears, while she wept long upon his neck.

"Father! father! dearest father!" was all she could say.

"But tell me dearest Rosa," said the father, "how camest thou here, reveal this secret to me, what terrible fate has degraded my Rosa into becoming the commonest servant, the maid of the lowest servant in this castle?"

Rosa related to her father her whole history—how kindly she was taken care of by the honest charcoal-burner in the forest; how troubled she had always been about her father; how she had conceived the thought of disguising herself as a charcoal-burner's daughter and entering the service of the warden, in order to get to him again; and how painfully she had longed for this moment.

"And now," she concluded, "God has heard my prayer, fulfilled my most heart-felt wish, and vouch-safed me the opportunity, best of fathers, of seing thee often, of speaking with thee, of sharing with thee, now and then, better fare, and of doing thee all kinds of little services. Oh, I am the happiest of daughters; my whole life shall be a fervent thanksgiving prayer!"

The father looked up towards heaven and wept. "Ah," said he, "not the happiest but the best of daughters thou art and I am the happiest father. How often I have groaned beneath my hard fate, which forced me to exchange the golden chain for the iron! But now I thank Thee, Oh God, for this providence! Without this I should never have learned fully to know my daughter's heart. I remember how happy I was when the Emperor hung this golden chain around my neck, now laden with the iron chain, which has long since sorely galled my arm, I am happier, I feel it no longer, and I would not give this moment, in which I embrace thee, for all the treasures of the world. Yes," said he, as he cast a contemptuous glance at the golden chain which still lay upon the floor, "what is gold? Nothing when compared with virtue and happiness. But stop, I do the souvenir an injustice, not because it is coined out of genuine gold, but because the beautiful emblems and sentences upon it declare the pure. uncompromised truth. Yes, dearest Rosa, just now in us, they are being fulfilled. God's eye watched over thee. He preserved thee and led thee again spotless and pure to my arms. He whose vision no wall can

intercept, looked into my prison and pitied my misery. He prepared for us these heavenly moments and in the midst of the frightful dungeon, God is with us. This Knight meant to be against us, but he was only an instrument in the hand of the Almighty to prepare this joy for me. In the Cross is healing, and through suffering God leads to the most ennobling joy. This I have long felt and now experience.

"Kunerich may, when drinking and dancing and revelling through nights of intoxicating music, think me in the highest degree miserable, but let the blasts of the trumpet and the shouts of the drunkard resound through my dungeon cell, as I have often, at midnight, had to hear it. I would not exchange with him. I am happier down here in this damp prison with bread and water, than he is, above there, in the sumptuous halls of the castle, partaking of costly wines from golden goblets and choice viands from silver plates, for the chain has not yet been smelted which can fetter the free spirit and withold it from soaring up to God to seek and find its happiness in Him. O, my Rosa, it is well for thee that thou hast early experienced what crosses and suffering are; that thou, in hours of night, which others are spending in games, dancing, and revelling, wouldst rather seek out thy dear suffering father in prison. Through suffering wilt thou be preserved from the dangers of vice and learn early to know the beauty of virtue. O, Rosa, Rosa, remain hence forward, good. Keep close to God, follow all His commandments like the fifth. Be true to God,

conquer vice by faith in the Crucified One, despise the false show of the world, and thou wilt be happier than if thou wert lifted up to the first throne of Europe."

Rosa, deeply moved, gave her father her hand as a pledge, extinguished her oil lamp and hurried away, for just then the horn of the watchman, on the tower, announced the break of day.

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CHAPTER XII.

Rosa being now, to all appearance, transformed again into the brown charcoal-burner's daughter, seated herself at table with the warden's wife and children, but had scarcely begun to partake of the morning soup, when Knight Kunerich stepped into the room wholly unexpected and in a violent, impetuous manner. Rosa was no little frightened. Never since she entered into service here, had the Knight come into the warden's room. What else could she think than that she had been detected or discovered.

Kunerich said in commanding tones: "Henceforth you will have nothing to do with the castle gate. I will give it into the care of four of my soldiers. You will both resign the place and repair to the castle kitchen to assist there, for to day and to-morrow I expect many guests."

Knight Kunerich had noticed how violently frightened Rosa was, but attributing her fear to the excessive reverence she entertained for him, he smiled in a not unfriendly manner, and looked at her for the first time since she had been at Fichtenburg, for there was nothing he liked better than to have people evince fear and terror at his august presence. Rosa went with the warden's wife to the appointed work, and about midday a neighboring Knight arrived with a long retinue. On the following day came another lord, also accompanied

by many horsemen, and nearly every hour many people advanced to Fichtenburg, some on foot, some on horse. Not only was the special castle building, in which Kunerick lived, full of soldiers, but all the other buildings which aurrounded the spacious castle grounds were put into use. They lighted great fires at evening in the Court yard and cooked and ate and drank, and kept up a great carousing.

Rosa knew well what all this meant. And sure enough, one evening late, just as she was giving the two children their supper, the guard's wife entered the room, deathly pale, and cried as she clasped her hands above her head.

"O, children, pray; war has begun. Your father, who had to call together the people, and who has just come home, must go with them also, and to-morrow at the very earliest hour they are to depart."

On the following morning, before day light, the blast for departure was sounded. The warden, who was one of the Knight's bravest soldiers, was already equipped and in his heavy suit of iron armour, with sword belted around him, a brazen helmet on his head, and lance in hand, he took leave of his family.

Mother and children wept, and Rosa wept with them as heartily as though she, too, were his daughter. He exhorted them to pray every day for him.

"You, too, good Rosa, pray for me," said he, "that I may again see my wife and children."

The stranger Knights, all splendidly equipped, the cavalry, the infantry, with long pikes, marched orderly

out of the gate and over the drawbridge. Kunerick was the last one of the train. After all had passed through he delivered the gate key to the old castellan saying:

"You, trusty old servant, see that this key be in your custody day and night, unless, you, yourself, and at least two of my soldiers, remain as garrison, no one shall be allowed either to come in or to go out, or you answer for it with your old grey head."

He then put spurs to his horse, sprang after the others, and immediately the drawbridge was raised and the postern closed and barred.

Rosa and the warden's wife had, throughout the day, a great deal of work to do in the castle kitchen. Such as cleaning and setting the things to rights again. At evening the woman said to Rosa:

"To-morrow morning I am going to take my two children and pay a visit to my old mother, for my head is all weary from the tumult of war, and my heart sorely tried by the parting. This visit will cheer me a little. I will not be home until late in the evening, as the distance is rather great for the children. All day long you can rest also, as you have nothing to do with the gate key. Only do not forget the prisoner's meals, and take care to have a good supper for us when we return."

Early in the morning, by sun rise, she and the children went away.

Who was now happier than Rosa! She had no thought of rest. During the past days she had not

been able to see her father longer than an instant at the time, because she had so much work to do.

Now, however, far beyond what she could have dared to hope, she was permitted to devote an entire day to him. She had long ago thought it all over and was already prepared to mitigate his misery. First of all, she had been careful to provide for him a fresh, white linen. In the few hours she could spare from her hard work, often by sewing till midnight, she had made some shirts for her father, of the fine linen, which the charcoal-burner's wife had given her. So, also, had she knit some socks of the yarn which she spun herself. She now hastened to her father, and gave him the new shirts and socks. She put a large utensil of warm water in his cell together with soap and towels, and gave him the key to unfasten and lay aside his chains.

To the good Ebelbert, who loved cleanliness of all things, this was a great comfort for which he had long sighed in vain.

"I feel regenerated," said he, when Rosa returned to remove the bathing materials.

"Now thou must once again, take some fresh air dearest father!" said she. Work as the latter and the most

There was a narrow little door that opened out from the dark passage-way leading to the dungeon, into a pleasant little garden which was used by the Burgomaster, and which Rosa kept in very nice order. Thither she conducted her father. The morning was incomparably lovely. The sun shone warm and delicious; the wind blew gently and refreshingly. It seemed to the Baron as he stepped from the dark gloomy dungeon into God's free air and the blessed sunlight, as though he was entering heaven.

"My God," said he, if one's sensation after death is so delightful as this, how gladly would one die."

Rosa served his breakfast which, consisted of nour-ishing meat-soup, out under a wallnut tree that stood in one corner of the garden, near the watch tower, to which spot she had brought a table and a bench. She said he could spend the whole day in the open air. "Gladly, dearest father, would I remain with thee, the entire day, if I had not so many things, of great importance, to do, but I will look after thee often!"

She hurried away, but he walked, up and down, in the long denied, blessed sunlight that he might richly drink in the delights of this glorious morning. The warm beams cheered his heart, and at the same time revivified him. He thanked God with tearful eyes, for the sun—and still more for the love of his good daughter.

"Love is the true sun in the spirit world," said he, "that warms and quickens all; without it this world would be a dark, sad prison house."

Rosa, who had brought her father a good dinner, and had visited him for only a few moments, some ten times, perhaps, throughout the day, came now, at evening, to conduct him—ah, with what a heavy heart, back to the prison! But how astounded he was when he stepped in! He thought Rosa had made a mistake, and instead of his cell had taken him to one of the

rooms of the castle. The walls and ceilings which before looked black-grey, like oak-bark, were now white washed and, owing to the warm day, were already perfectly dry.

The dull tile floor was cleaned and strewed with white sand which gave it a reddish appearance, "almost as pretty," said Rosa, "as fine white gauze over rose color."

Rubbish and nettles were removed from the window, and the beautiful blue sky gleamed through the transparently clear window-panes. There was fresh straw on the bed, over which was spread a white linen sheet. She had provided also a pillow as there was none, heretofore, over which she had drawn a fresh case. A piece of new thick carpet of pure wool served as covering. On the table, with its cover of spotless white, stood a bowl full of beautiful, fragrant flowers. The damp dungeon air had vanished and the sweet fragrance of flowers filled the prison cell.

"Oh, how nuch joy thou givest me," said Edelbert,
"Truly the love of a child can strew the life path of
the parents with flowers. Love can turn a gloomy
prison into a Paradise. But," continued he, as he
looked at the clean, white ceiling and walls—"it was
impossible for thee to do all of this alone. Who, in
this hostile Burg, can be so kind as to help thee?"

Rosa said: "There is, in this Burg, an old soldier who was, in his youth a mason, and who, now and then, makes use of his trade. Last week he was sick a few

days. The warden's wife sent him often, at my request, such food as was suitable for a sick person. I carried it to him and when I had time I would sit by his bedside and talk with him. He spoke once, of course, not knowing that I was your daughter, with great reverence and heartfelt pity of you. He said he had fought in that battle, which was well nigh lost through Kunerich, but which through you, was won and that he was sorely wounded and left upon the battle-field and would have died had you not assisted him. Yesterday evening I begged him, very timidly, to help me put your dreadful cell in better order. I thought he would raise objections, but he praised my design very much and undertook the greater part of the work with pleasure. "If Kunerich perceives it I care not," he said, "he cannot object to my honoring the Knighthood."

Edelbert said, "I don't remember at all having shown him any kindness, but the gratitude of the man moves me greatly. Thou canst see, by this, dearest Rosa, how the good, that we have long ago forgotten, may, after many years, still produce its results."

Rosa now brought supper. "To-day we will eat together, once again, dearest father." She had brought a chair and sat down by him. The meal was meagre but nicely prepared. It was Rosa's happiness to set before her father his favorite dishes; some soup of pearl barley, a few roast partridges with endive salad; and for supper, a plate full of red, boiled lobster, daintily surrounded by celery leaves. She set before her

father, who had, heretofore, had nothing but water and coarse bread, a bottle of wine and some very nice bread.

"But, in the name of Heaven, dearest Rosa," said her father, as he glanced at the table and bed, "where, in thy poverty, didst thou obtain all of this?"

Rosa said the charcoal-burner's wife had given her the linen and Agnes had brought her, yesterday, the partridges and lobsters; the other little things she had bought with her salary and with the money which visitors had given her when she opened the postern for them. That she had taken her own pillow from under her head and given it to her father, the good daughter did not mention.

The noble father was extremely gratified. "I have eaten, at the Emperor's table," said he, "but never before, have I so enjoyed and been so refreshed, by any meal! God will reward thee for thy love, dear Rosa."

But Rosa felt even happier. She had never, in her life, experienced such bliss, as in this hour when she could thus entertain her father. She literally experienced that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." "Oh, how happy the rich could be if they knew that!" said she—"How blessed could children be who are rich enough to do a great deal of good to their parents! They must have a heaven, already, upon earth."

Rosa had now to return to her work, and cook for the warden's wife and children. She hurried quickly out of the door after wishing her father good night. But the feeling of paternal pride in the possession of such a daughter kept him awake some time - when, finally, he fell asleep; his slumber was more gentle and refreshing than ever before in his life. Rosa now ministered to her father everyday. In the morning, she brought, him together with his little piece of dry bread, a glass of fresh milk, or a couple of soft boiled eggs, or some golden yellow butter, upon a green vine leaf, and she gave him, as often as she could do so without being discovered, her own good, strong soup for dinner, and took in preference his weak, mean broth. She often ate nothing at night, and even carried to her father, the little piece of roast meat which she got on Sundays, or the little piece of cake which was sometimes given her. From time to time, she put fresh flowers in the prison of which he was very fond, and brought him the fruit which she here and there obtained. She had gotten the coal-burner to sell her only remaining ornament, a pair of gold earings, set with precious stones, which she wore at the time her father was taken captive, so that she might, with the proceeds, purchase many necessary things for her father, especially, a goblet of good wine every day which was of great benefit to him; she lived entirely for him. Once, when the jailor came home from the Army, on business, he looked after the prisoners, and was no little astonished when he opened the door of Edelbert's cell. He shook his head saying:

"Knight Kunerich must not see this, else I, too, will be put in such a cell with little grated windows which, of a truth, would not look as cheerful as this. Otherwise, I am very well pleased with everything. But what is more beautiful than cleanliness? A few handfuls of lime and sand, with a little trouble and work, have transformed this gloomy prison into a clean, bright room — while many a one, through laziness and uncleanness, makes his room a dark dungeon."

But outside, in the passage, the warden said very earnestly—

"Rosa, Rosa! I will not censure your tenderheartness towards the Knight. I believe that you do him many a good service, and I will also let that pass. Only do not allow your sympathy to induce you to help him to escape. He would never succeed truly; for the castle is too well provided against such an attempt, with its locks and bolts and its drawbridge. But even the attempt could make me miserable. I would be deprived of office and sustenance, and would be, with wife and children, driven out of this fort. My master, in his his rage under such circumstances, would be ready to kill me, for I have pledged him my head that the prisoners are well guarded. So do not make me wretched, and put my life in danger."

Rosa had to give him the sacred promise, and he went away.



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CHAPTER XIII.

While Edelbert found such comfort in the childlike love of his daughter, and Rosa the greatest happiness in her father's contentment, much else had occurred at Fichtenburg. Knight Kunerich's Castle had heretofore been the seat of peace, but now that sorrow, which barred gates and drawbridges cannot keep out, had taken its lodging in you splendid rooms. The news from the war, which Kunerich had undertaken in a spirit of bravado, with a very powerful knight, was not at all favorable. Kunerich was wounded, his entire ordinance train plundered, and he himself nearly cap tured. He lay sick and suffering in a distant castle, and instead of sending wagons full of booty to his castle, as was his wont, they had to send him money and provision. His wife could not even visit him, because she had no soldiers under whose escort she could travel, and she dared not venture from the castle, knowing, as she did quite well, that it was not love, but only fear, which made people around respectful to her husband.

Kunerich's enemies were wholly aroused and were ready for open hostilities. They had already, on several occasions, carried off the best of the provisions which had been procured in the neighboring country tor the use of the castle, so that the wife and her children had to be satisfied with quite ordinary fare, and dispense with many things altogether. The children took small-pox, and there was, for a long time, doubt of their recovery. Finally, the lady, through sorrow, care, and sleeplessness, fell ill herself. Rosa had heard of all these occurrences, even to the smallest detail, from the loquacious wife of the warden, for she herself went extremely seldom into these upper rooms and halls of the castle, occupied by Kunerich and his family; in fact, she never entered them, save at the express command of her mistress, whom she dared not disobey.

At every step she took, her repugnance would in crease, and she would hurry as fast as possible down the stone stairs again. A pang had gone to her heart every time she had seen the Knight or any of his family, for a deep aversion had unconsciously gained footing in her inmost soul, not only against Kunerich, who had so cruelly wronged her father and robbed him of property and freedom, but also against Kunerich's wife and children.

Rosa told her father how things now stood, up in the castle, and a scarcely perceptible smile flitted across her countenance as she spoke of it, and she said,

"Now she, too, can learn by deepest experience what misery is; now let her pride learn how to bend itself. The wife of this Knight, who always lived in splendor and superfluity, dressed her children most superbly, and was visited constantly by the most distinguished people, will now be forced to live as alone and secluded as if she were in a cloister. She makes,

now, new acquaintances, tears and sighs, and her proud haughty lord, who had prepared for others so much sorrow, experiences the truth of the saying, 'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.'" But the noble father did not approve of his daughter.

"How, my Rosa," said he, "do I hear thee speak, thus? Thy mild, gentle countenance do I see disfigured with a malicious smile. Oh, refrain, dear child: these thoughts are not good; let not resentment poison thy noble heart! It is true, this Knight has done me a wrong, for he hated me without a cause and did me much evil; but art thou such a stranger to the teach. ings and example of our holy Redeemer? Are we not to love those who hate us? Are we not told to return good for evil? Wouldst thou have his wife also suffer for the evil which Kunerich did to us? She who may have had enough to bear with his rough ways without this fresh trial, and who certainly cannot approve of his course towards us! For that which the father has been guilty, wouldst thou wreak vengeance upon his children who are innocent, and who do not even know their right hand from their left? Rosa! Rosa! let not love to thy father lead thee to hate his enemy. See! even I do not hate him. Yes, my God," continued he, laying his hand on his heart and lifting his eyes to heaven-"Thou knowest if I were to see this Knight in the peril of battle, in danger of losing his life, I would rush between the enemy's sword and spear in order to save his life, even should I have to sacrifice my own,

and thou Rosa, if thou wert living again in happiness and prosperity, and his wife and children had fallen into need and suffering, and begged before thy door for assistance, wouldst thou close, against them, heart and door, and allow the poor little ones and their wretched mother, who did us no harm, to go away from thee and die in their misery?"

"No," said Rosa, moved, "this I would not, could not do I would from my heart gladly share with them all I had."

"I doubt it," said the father. "If thou wilt not even give them the smallest of gifts, a kindly glance, a good word, how shouldst thou give them something greater? As thou dost shun continually, every opportunity even to see them, how couldst thou find opportunity to do them good? Change thy manner toward them, meet them with heartfelt kindness, then wilt thou, should occasion allow, do for them still more. I advise this, not according to the wisdom of men, that we may win our mighty enemy in whose power we are now, so that he may give back to us what he took from us. If we were friendly to them only for this reason, our friendship would not be of any worth. That were a miserable fawning hypocrisy of which we should be ashamed. No, my dearest daughter, true love to man, that flower of heavenly origin, cannot spring from the unholy soil of self-interest, it comes only from the depths of a pure benevolent heart! It is only the image and reflex of that divine love, which the spirit of our holy religion enjoins and which every pious heart must fulfill. God himself is love and He loves mankind as His children. He lets His sun shine upon His degenerate sons and daughters. and gives them dew and rain. He wishes that these shall become better, and that some time all shall be with him in heaven. To this end the Son of God gave even his life and poured out his blood to save them So must we, also, be the embodiment of pure love. We must love all mankind, do good unto them, and not shut out from our love the hostile wicked ones. We should be ready to give our life for them, we should love them as ourselves for our effections must lift themselves up from earth to heaven, and we must not only love God who is merciful to all, above all else, but we must strive also to be like Him in His most glorious attribute. Only this holy love to God and men, even though they be our enemy, will enable us to reach heaven at last. A loveless soul would be unhappy, even in the regions of the blest. Whoever hates, entereth not in, for love is the wellspring of all blessedness in the next world. It alone makes heaven, heaven. for this cause it is the work of our life upon earth to engraft in our natures this devine love, to venture and bring it to perfection, like a beautiful plant.

"The love of worthless things, vain glory, sinful lusts, transient passions, leaves no room in the heart for heavenly love, but stifles it in the bud like sharp thorns. Therefore, in order to purify our natures from pride, selfishness, evil propensities and worldly pleasures, God sends us afflictions. For this reason He probably deprived us of the splendor of our position;

of the earthly possessions and worldly pleasures, which riches procured for us; For rest assured, dear daughter, so long as God sends us trials, there is always something in us, from which affliction, alone, can purify us. We will, therefore, my dearest Rosa, recognize God's loving, fatherly design in this, so as not to frustrate it by indulging in a feeling of hatred against our offender, thereby depriving ourselves of the blessing which God prepares for us through sorrow."

Rosa listened to her father attentively. "Thou art right, dearest father," said she, looking at him with her eyes full of tears. "Oh, how far am I from deserving heaven. I will endeavor, with God's help, to improve. I give you my solemn promise! I will try to love God above all, and my fellow man, even Kunerich and his family, as myself; and if suffering will make me more loving, I will gladly endure it as long as God wills. For what is this span of life, passed in suffering in comparison with an eternity of bliss!"

Rosa kept her word faithfully. She no longer intentionally avoided the Knight's children, who were now quite recovered, and who occasionally came down in the castle yard to play, accompanied by their nurse; she no longer affected not to see them, but greeted them with a friendly smile, and beguiled them into little conversations; she sought, in every way, to do them little kindnesses, and engaged Agnes to bring her the tame deer and pair of turtle doves, presenting the deer to the boy, and the doves to the little girl. She found the children very lovable and reproached

herself for having hitherto behaved in so unfriendly a manner to these sweet little creatures.

"I have deprived myself of much pleasure," she said, "my fault was at once my punishment. Oh, how right my father was. It is better to be friendly and forgiving than inimical and revengeful."

But Rosa soon found an opportunity of fulfilling her father's instructions in their widest sense.

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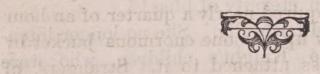
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CHAPTER XIV.

A long season of rain was succeeded by an unusually beautiful and delightful autumn day. The sun, which had risen in all its beauty, shone so brightly between the high walls of the castle, that all nature seemed renewed.. The people of the castle had ventured out into the fields to gather in the remains of the produce, and the nurse, whose name was Thekla, had gone with Kunerich's three children into the court yard. In the midst of the large and spacious enclosure, there was a splendid well. It was protected by a wall of beautiful'y hewn stone, and six slender columns supported the high peaked roof which was decorated very artistically, after the style of the ancient Minster towers, with all kinds of stone ornaments. The well was of quite an unusual depth and required nearly a quarter of an hour to let down and draw up the one enormous bucket by means of the windlass attached to it. Strangers, of whom many visited the Burg, admired the well as the greatest curiosity of the castle, and in order to give them some idea of its tremendous depth, small pebbles were thrown down, to the unfailing astonishment of the observer, who was justly amazed to see how long it was before the fall of the stone was heard. Then placing a burning light in the bucket, they would let it down, and it was wonderful to see how beautifully the light illuminated the surrounding walls in which, here and there, a little green herb had nestled, and how it was reflected in every drop of water on the stones, shining, at last, in the darkness beneath like a crimson star. The masons, whose duty it was, from time to time, to clean out or repair the well, always used a number of ladders, which they fastened upon hooks that were placed, at intervals, along the walls. There was an old tradition that before the well was provided with its present roof, whoever looked down into its dark depths at midday, would see the stars glistening in the blue heavens. It was surrounded by a large grass plot which presented a very attractive appearance in the paved court and which was encircled by a row of Service Trees.*

The three children were now playing on the green sward around the well. The little girls, Itha and Emma, were highly delighted at the appearance of the beautiful, bright scarlet berries of the trees, which were now ripe. Thekla had to break off several clusters, and they began very busily to string the berries upon threads, calling them their strings of coral. They decorated—not without a certain precocious maidenly vanity—their necks and arms, and were quite proud of these novel ornaments.

Eberhard, the boy, amused himself by throwing pebbles into the well, selecting the largest he could find, and listening attentively as the stone plashed into the water, when he danced for joy. Becoming, after a

^{*} A kind of tree and its fruit, of the "genus Pyrus" or "Sorbus." The wild Service is of the genus Cratælgus.

while, tired of this play, he turned away from the well, when a little bird came flying by, perched itself upon the edge of the bucket, and presently flew in to drink or bathe itself. The boy saw the bird fly on the bucket, and said in his childish simplicity, to his two little sisters:

"I can catch the bird easily. Now pay attention; this will be splendid fun."

He then climbed up on the edge of the well, and stretched his little arm after the bucket; but finding that it was far too short, he leaned still further over, lost his balance, and fell into the frightful abyss. two little girls near the well raised a piteous cry of distress and Thekla, the nurse, who had slipped into the kitchen to pilfer some dainty, rushed, terrified, to the spot. She heard, contrary to all expectation, the boy screaming and crying in the well, and looking down, saw that he was hanging, far below, by a portion of his clothing, on one of the hooks in the wall. But there she stood, not knowing what to do, and Kunerich's wife lay sick in bed unable to leave her room, whilst the other people belonging to the castle were still in the field. The trembling, deathly pale nurse wrung her hands in despair and implored God and all the saints for help. At this moment, Rosa came on the scene. She had been obliged to stay home because the warden's little girl had been taken ill the night before and was thought to have the small-pox.

"Oh, quick," said Rosa to Thekla; "help me to get into the bucket and then carefully let me down; with God's help I hope to save the boy!"

Rosa, with a trustful look towards heaven, commended herself to God's protection, and stepped into the bucket. Shudder after shudder pervaded her frame as she descended, deeper and deeper. The damp cold air of the well blew chillingly over her, the sun seemed to be extinguished, and it became gradually darker around her; at last she reached the weeping boy. and cried out from the depths, "halt," and the bucket stood motionless. She hastily endeavored to take the boy in her arms and unfasten his clothing from the hook; but that was very difficult, and in the highest degree dangerous, as she could not entirely free both arms, being obliged to hold 'on to the chain with one hand, in order to prevent herself from falling into the abyss. She failed in her attempt, and an inexpressible anxiety took possession of her, which caused the cold perspiration to break out upon her brow. From the horrible dark depths she lifted up her heart in fervent supplication to God that he would not abandon her in this her extremest hour of need.

At last she succeeded. She took the boy in her arms, and he clasped both little arms tightly around her neck, as if he feared even yet he would fall, whilst she cried out, "up, draw up." Thekla noticed the additional weight of the bucket, and proceeded hurriedly to draw it up. In the meantime the sick mother had been attracted to the window by the outcry in the court, and with a pang of fear, which seemed to strike her like a flash of lightning, she heard from the crying children in the yard the words "Eberhard has

fallen into the well." That terrible cry resounded in her ears like a peal of thunder. The poor woman, pale as death, was forced to support herself on the window sill, her knees gave way under her, her hands trembled and she could not stir from the spot. It seemed as if the beating of her heart would burst her breast asunder. Thekla cried to her that Eberhard remained hanging on a hook on the wall, and that the servant of the warden's wife was trying to rescue him. Then a faint ray of hope kindled in her heart. She began to pray, and altho' her voice failed her, from the depths of her heart she sent up an inaudible prayer to God to save her first-born, her only son, keeping her eyes meanwhile immovably fixed on the well. Finally Rosa appeared, holding with one arm the boy (who nestled to her as closely as though he were sleeping) whilst with the other she grasped the chain. When the bucket had been drawn up sufficiently high, leaving Rosa with the child in her arms swinging in the centre of the open mouth of the abyss, Thekla secured the windlass, stepped to the edge of the well and drew the bucket to her with a hook designed for the purpose. She endeavored to take the boy in her arms, but the weak and still trembling girl had neither the strength nor dexterity to hold the bucket firmly and at the same time to transfer the boy from Rosa's arms to her own. She tried for some time, but in vain. This was a fearful sight to the mother, for every moment she expected to see all three fall into the abyss.

Seeing that they were not likely to succeed in this

way, Rosa motioned Thekla to let the bucket go again, then tried to pass the boy over to her, but although Thekla reached over as far as she could with widely outstretched hands, still she failed, by a short distance each time to reach him.

The mother at the window could no longer look upon this painful scene. Everything became dark before her eyes. She endeavored to cry as loudly as her feeble strength would permit, "Oh, not so, not so," but Rosa failed to catch the words. She herself however had perceived that this was a dangerous mode of procedure and remained silent for a while lost in thought, with her eyes lifted to heaven. Then she said quickly:

"Thekla, push the bucket gently with the hook, so that it may swing backwards and forwards in the wide opening of the well."

Thekla obeyed without knowing how this was to help matters.

"Now," said Rosa, "when the bucket swings towards you, catch the child swiftly and firmly in both arms. Wait, however, until I give you the word—see—now, now."

Thekla took the child in her arms with little trouble, placed him upon the ground, then offered Rosa her hand to help her out. But she said:

"You had better push the bucket so that it will swing near that column."

Thekla did so, and as the swinging bucket came near the column, she clasped it, stepped on the edge of the well and sprang to the ground. Oh, how glad she was to feel the firm ground beneath her feet once more, How she rejoiced in the bright sunshine and blue sky. Sinking upon her knees she looked up to God, who had saved herself and the child. "Gracious God, to Thee be all praise," was her first thought. "How thankful my father will be. How pleased with his Rosa," was her second. She hastened immediately to carry to him the joyful news of the rescue of the child. He embraced her with tears of the sweetest joy that ever the eyes of a father shed.

"Thou hast gained the greatest of victories," said he. Thou hast conquered self, and done good to thine enemy. Thou hast accomplished a more heroic action then that of the bravest knight who stretches his powerful enemy dead before him, thou hast saved a human life. But do not be proud, dearest Rosa, it was God who gave thee the opportunity and the courage. To Him alone belongs the honor."



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CHAPTER XV.

Meantime Thekla had carried the rescued boy to his mother, who, losing at the moment all consciousness of suffering, rushed to him, clasped him in both arms, bathed him in hot tears of joy, and asking him a hundred times if he is' not hurt. He was uninjured but looked still pale from terror. Falling on her knees and clasping the boy in her arms she cried—

"Thou, Oh God, hast given him back to me, and I will consecrate him to Thy service."

She rose from her knees, sat down on the bed with the boy upon her lap and said—

"O thou naughty child what anguish thou hast occa sioned me by thy thoughtlessness. How often have I forbidden thee to go to the well, and to climb trees, and charged thee to keep away from horses. See, thy dis. obedience had nearly cost thee thy life. What would thy father have said if I had lost thee in such a manner? Oh henceforth, be more obedient. Through what a miracle hast thou been given back to me. Thank God, who hast saved thee by his angel. But the angel that rescued thee, is the poor daughter of the charcoal-burner," said she, looking around her. "Is she not here, the good child? Go, Thekla, seek her, hasten, let her come here, that I may thank her. This act shall not remain unrewarded."

Thekla hastened to the warden's room, where she

found Rosa already seated by the bed of the sick child knitting."

"Come," cried Thekla—"you must come this moment to the gracious lady. Be happy, you are going to be well paid, surely."

The word "payment" grated upon Rosa's tender sensibilities. She had no desire to go, and wished still less to be rewarded. However, she thought if she refused the invitation, it would seem unfriendly and would grieve the happy mother,—so she went. Modestly, and with crimson cheeks, she entered the room. The gracious lady who was seated by the sleeping boy, hurried towards her with open arms, and forgetting her rank, pressed the maiden, clad as she was in coarse woollen garments, tenderly to her heart.

"Oh, my daughter," said she, "how many thanks do I owe thee? What a noble action thou hast performed. From what sudden anguish hast thou spared me! What unutterable joy hast thou given me. If it had not been for thee, the sweet boy, who lies now slumbering so softly on his bel, would be lying, cold and dead, in the depth of yonder well. Thou hast snatchel my child from death and given him back to me, henceforth, therefore, shalt thou be treated as one of my children, and shalt find in me a true mother. Remain with me. As regards yourself, however," said she, turning to Thekla, gravely, but gently, and with no appearance of anger, "you, I can no I nger retain in my service, you have badly performed the easy duty which should be sacred to every nurse, that of never allowing the child

to be out of your sight; you were on the eve of becoming, from a child's protectress a child's murderess. I will pay you, to-day, your wages, and to-morrow you must quit the castle."

Thekla wept and sighed and begged for mercy and forgiveness, and falling on her knees she pleaded that as a poor orphan she did not know where to go, and that she would certainly do better. But the lady said, "you have often promised me this and failed to keep your word, and I have lost all confidence in you. It grieves me much to discharge you, but I cannot, in order to please you, expose my children, constantly to the perils of death. Go, therefore, and behave in your future service more wisely."

Rosa here said: "Allow me, gracious lady, to speak a word for Thekla, and do not be offended at my boldness. It is true, and you are perfectly right, Thekla was in fault, her thoughtlessness occasioned your mother-heart a deadly anguish and nearly cost your son his life, but unfortunately she did not think of this before, and she will now take the flightful occurrence as a warning, and will, assuredly, never behave so thoughtlessly again. And did Thekla do nothing mo e than err? Did she not earnestly endeavor to atone for her wrong? Did she not faithfully help-yes, aid, as you saw yourself, even risk her life to save your son? And shall only her fault be remembered, and nothing be said of her faithful aid? Would you drive from you, without mercy, one who, in the recovery of your son, has shown herself such a good and faithful soul? See,

God has just granted your prayer, do not despise in the same hour, the prayer and entreaties of a suffering one. God has shown mercy to you, now show mercy unto others. God has given your beloved child back to you, do not deprive a poor forsaken orphan of her kind protectress.

"God Himself forgives the penitent one who earnestly endeavors to improve, can you not forgive also? God gives you a splendid opportunity to show, by this act, the gratitude due Him, by forgiving the deeplygrieved Thekla and restoring her again to favor. Oh, how Thekla and I rejoiced over the happy rescue of the child, and what tears of joy we wept with you; will you then, the happiest amongst us, (for what exceeds a mother's joy), be the one to render a fellow-creature wretched, through your inexorableness? Can you upon whose cheek the tears of joy are scarcely dry, cause the poor Thekla to shed drops of bitter anguish, without at once wiping these tears gently away? No, you could not do it, gentle lady. As regards myself, I cannot accept the offered situation, I would be afraid of the sin of having driven away this poor servant from her place, and having built my happiness upon a stranger's misfortune."

The lady looked at the supposed charcoal-burner's child with astonished eyes.

"In truth," said she, "I do not know which to admire most, your he oism or your noble sentiments. Who could withstand such an intercession? Thekla shall not lose her place, but you must remain with me.

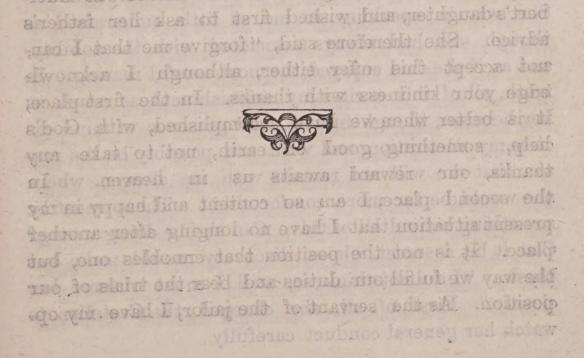
I will not allow you to go from me—wondrous girl, I had almost said. To reward you adequately is a thing beyond my power, for my lord is far from here, and I am shut up in this castle like a poor prisoner. I hope, however, that the day will come when my husband shall return from the field, and reward you richly himself. Meantime give up your service to the warden's wife and be my daughter, my companion, my friend. I will cause you to be suitably clothed, for you are born for something better than for menial service."

Rosa was deeply moved by the manner of the gentle, kind lady, who had received her with such indescribable sweetness, and who had pardoned the repentant Thekla. She felt a sincere esteem for her, and would willingly have remained with her, but she thought of her father, whom she would then be unable to visit and who would be given over to strange hands. She was undecided whether to divulge the secret that she was Edelbert's daughter, and wished first to ask her father's advice. She therefore said, "forgive me that I cannot accept this offer either, although I acknowledge your kindness with thanks. In the first place, it is better when we have accomplished, with God's help, something good on earth, not to take any thanks, our reward awaits us in heaven. In the second place, I am so content and happy in my present situation that I have no longing after another place. It is not the position that ennobles one, but the way we fulfill our duties and bear the trials of our position. As the servant of the jailor, I have my opportunities of doing little kindnesses to the prisoners, and in so doing find my happiness. Do not, therefore, through your kindness, deprive me of this pleasure."

"Strange child," said the lady, "I do not understand you; your talk about happiness in the warden's dark room, and your unhappiness here with me seems strange; is there then no way in my power by which I can render you a service? Ask what you will, and I will promise it you upon my honor; it shall, if possible be granted you."

"Well, then," said Rosa, "I take you at your word. Give me as much time for consideration as I find necessary to think what I shall ask you. I think it will not be long before you can be the means of procuring me a great happiness. But pardon me that I must now go. I dare not leave the warden's sick child longer alone."

She went, hurriedly, out of the room.



CHAPTER XVI.

The lady Hildegard von Fichtenburg was as highly distinguished for nobility of character as for intellectual capacity. She knew how to appreciate Rosa's superior worth, feeling as she did, the most kindly interest in her, she naturally wished to see her happy. But she failed to understand her conduct, and thought, not without reason, that there was something mysterious about her whole demeanor. She leaned her head upon her hand, and reflected upon the subject. "How came this poor charcoal burner's maiden to have such sentiments, and such ability to express them? Where did she get this patrician bearing with which she entered the room, and which characterized her throughout? She was, in speaking to me, as little embarassed as though she had always associated with the nobility, and as if she had enjoyed the most careful rearing. In truth, all of this excites my astonishment as much as her heroism, thoughtfulness, and presence of mind excties my admiration, and what can possibly be the reason that she will not remain with me always, where she would be far more comfortable? There must be something behind all of this. Can she be doing wrong? Can it be a secret whose discovery would make her blush. "I do not think so, still I must observe her closely." First of all, she charged the Castellan to watch her general conduct carefully.

He did so, and had only praiseworthy things to relate. One morning, however, the obliging man brought the news in hot haste, that Rosa, late at night, when all was sunk in profound slumber, visited the hostile Baron in his cell, and remained for hours with him. "The affair seems to me to be doubtful and dangerous, in the extremest degree," said he. "The maid may be the means of bringing a serious misfortune upon us, if she assisted the Baronet's escape (and the fearless girl is not lacking in courage to do it), otherwise I do not know what they have to do with each other. I listened with all my might at the prison door and I could hear nothing, but an unintelligible murmur." This was not because Edelbert and Rosa spoke parcularly low, but because the old man was nearly deaf. The Frau von Fichtenburg was no little atonished. "Edelbert," said she "is our worst enemy, our deadly foe. My husband has often assured me of this, when I would beg him not to treat the poor Knight so harshly. Yes, my Kunerich has related to me so much evil of Edelbert, that I cannot doubt that he is in the highest degree hostilely inclined towards us, and that this unknown girl should be on such intimate terms with our bitterest enemy, does not please me. I will at some future time hear for myself."

She charged the Castellan to observe when Rosa visited the Knight again, and to come quickly and inform her of the fact, but to tell no one else in the castle.

In the meantime she saw Rosa, almost daily, treated her with extreme kindness, and made her all sorts of little presents. Some days after, the Castellan came to her at midnight and said, "Now, gracious lady." She immediately threw over her a black silk mantle and hurried to the door of the prison. "Truly it is not a very praiseworthy action I am performing,"—she said to her self, "eves-dropping is something wicked and contemptible. I only do it because I have the welfare of the poor girl seriously at heart, and because I dare not lose sight of the interest of my own household." The door was only ajar and a light burned in the cells. Every word that was spoken was distinctly audible; she therefore listened to Edelbert's and Rosa's conversation.

"The peaches are delicous" said the captive Knight. They are just the same kind which grew on that tree in our castle garden beside the tower. They were always my favorite fruit. Beautiful to the eye is the fine, downy red, pungent and delightful the odor, and luscious and delicate in taste."

"O dear," said Rosa, "the tears come to my eyes as I see these peaches. If I could only once more cull the lovely fruit from that tree in our garden, and bring it to thee, dear father, as I used to do, in a neat little basket, daintly ornamented with vine leaves!"

"Thank God, dear daughter, that thou art able to bring me these," said Edelbert. "The tree scarcely bore ten peaches this year, didst thou say, and the gracious lady gave thee three of them? She is very, very kind to thee."

"That is why I always think I ought to tell her that I am thy daughter, I think the secret will be safe with her and she would be the best one to implore, Kunerich to give thee back thy liberty. "I do not think so," said Edelbert, "thou canst have no conception how he hates me. The heart of this sweet lady may be as gentle and mild as these soft peaches here, but Kunerich's heart is hard as the peach stone. Thou wouldst be more likely to break the teeth than the stone."

"But I think," said Rosa, "that when Kunerich hears that thy daughter, with God's help, was the means of saving his son's life, he will not allow thee to die in this prison. If I throw myself at his feet and beseech him, Oh, surely he will hear me."

"Oh, do not believe that so readily," said Edelbert, "I know him but too well, even if he finds thy act noble, because it happens to benefit him, even if he shows himself grateful towards thee, he still will not be able to bring himself to the point of relinguishing his hatred towards me. That is too deeply rooted. Sooner couldst thou tear up an oak tree by the roots."

"But dear father," said Rosa, "if he could only be persuaded, that thou, whom he hast deprived of every thing, still dost love and bless him, and wouldst gladly do him good. That thou hast taught me to love him and his, and to do them all the good in my power; that without thy precious fatherly counsels I, perhaps, would not have hurried so quickly to the well, on hearing the children's cry, and therefore, would not have saved his son, and that thou art, therefore, indirectly the cause of his rescue; would that not soften his hard

heart, as the warm breath of spring melts the ice? Would it then be utterly impossible to soften him?"

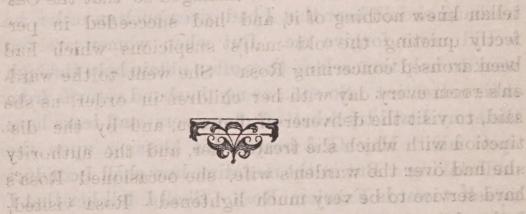
"Possible," said Edelbert, "it might be, but it does not seem to me at all probable. Meantime there is nothing to be done: I must remain in prison until he comes. Even were the lady to release me, I would accept nothing without his permission, for she might have to atone for it. Even were she to allow me the freedom of the castle, the suspicious and unfriendly man would draw all sorts of wrong inferences from the fact. Thou must be silent therefore, Rosa, and I will remain here a captive until further developments. God will make all right in the end. But this conversation makes us both too soft hearted, that is enough for to-day," Edelbert and Rosa began another topic.

But the lady had heard enough, she hurried back to her apartment, but could not sleep, the whole night. Astonishment, admiration, pain, succeeded each other in her heart.

"This supposed charcoal-maiden is then actually a noble Fräulein. In order to be near her father she has chosen these wretched clothes and undertaken this hard service. She has deprived herself of the fruit and other presents which I gave her and brought them to her father. Out of love to him, she refused the happiness which I offered her, and preferred, rather, to endure all the misery of her present position. What a heart this child has. Oh, how happy her mother would be if she were living. And this girl, the child of a man whom we have bound in chains, saved

my son's life, and this father taught his daughter to think and act so. What noble thoughts must fill her breast!" She burst into tears. "Indeed," said she, "he shall be free, the good, noble man. He shall receive back his castle and his possessions. The excellent father and his good daughter shall be happy as they deserve to be. Oh, that it lay in my power to release him at once from his captivity, and to give him back all his property. This very night he should leave his gloomy cell, and take his departure next morning for Tannenburg.

"But this is impossible. The old Castellan here, who always insists that women should have no voice in matters relating to state and war, would be doubly deaf to my commands. He would allow Edelbert to quit neither the dungeon nor the castle; nor would our Castellan, at Tannenburg, receive him. And if my husband should hear that I had given such an order, he would never forgive me. But when women are too weak to help themselves, they often obtain help through their entreaties. So soon as my husband returns from the army I will try what effect prayers and tears have upon him. May God bestow his blessing upon the undertaking. But in the meantime how shall I conduct myself towards Fräulein Rosa. Shall I tell her that I know who she is? Shall I, as the fued between her father and my husband can have no reference to her, treat her in accordance with her rank, attire her as a maid of noble birth, prepare for her a room in the castle, and give her a seat at my table? What astonishment that would create in the whole castle. The obstinate Castellan, upheld by his old fellow soldiers, would never permit Rosa to speak another word to her father. He would cause him to be guarded in the strictest manner, and all hopes of milder imprisonment would be at an end. I should only increase the Fräulein's misery. No, no, no one in the castle must know yet, that Rosa is Edelbert's daugther. I will not let her know that I am aware of it, for what good could it do her and her father, and in what a dilemma would I entangle myself. It is best for me to do all the good I can for the noble Fräulein, and through her, for her father, in a quiet way, so as not to excite remark, and leave the disclosure of the secret, for some auspicious moment, which can not be very far distant." from her own table, and the best wine, berren even



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CHPTER XVII.

obstinate Castellan, upheld by his old fellow soldiers,

On the following morning the Frau Von Fichtenburg sent for Rosa, and meeting her with still greater kindness of manner said: "I know that you feel great sympathy for the good Knight who is held captive in our castle, and that you render him many a service. I am much pleased at this, and I commend you for it. But you, my good child, have nothing yourself, therefore I will in future assist your benevolence from my kitchen and cellar; henceforth you must get meat and drink for the Knight from me."

She daily gave the happy Rosa the choisest viands from her own table, and the best wine, better even than she herself drank. She managed so that the Castellan knew nothing of it, and had succeeded in perfectly quieting the old man's suspicions which had been aroused concerning Rosa. She went to the warden's room every day with her children in order, as she said, to visit the deliverer of her son, and by the distinction with which she treated her, and the authority she had over the warden's wife, she occasioned Rosa's hard service to be very much lightened. Rosa visited, in her leisure hours, the gracious lady in her apartment, and was permitted to bring the warden's children with her, a favor of which the warden's wife was not a little vain, deeming herself very fortunate in possessing a servant who was such a favorite with the noble family.

Meantime Frau Von Fichtenburg, waited with increased longing for her husband's return. If he had not sent tidings that he had recovered and would soon be home, she would have ventured to seek him at the seat of war. Finally Baron Kunerich returned to Fichtenburg with two Knights, and the greater part of the soldiery who had gone with him to the field of battle. The Knights and their followers had decorated their helmets and lances with green oak leaves and entered the castle gate, in great state, to the sound of trumpets. Kunerich sprang from his horse, greeted his wife and children, who were standing in the castle yard, with great joy, and entered into the large Rittersaal accompanied by the Knights, Pages, and most valiant soldiers.

After the first joyful greetings were over, and while Baron Kunerich was caressing his beautiful blooming boy, of whom he seemed never to tire, the mother related the circumstances of his falling into the well, and of Rosa having rescued him. She described it minutely and vivedly and the Knight shuddered as he listened. "O what would I have done had you been drowned, and I never more had seen thee, dear Eberhard! What an unutterable grief this would have been to me and thy mother. The blood freezes in my veins when I think of it. O, boy, be more careful."

The mother brought the garments which the boy wore at the time and which she had preserved as a memorial of the event, and showed the father the rent which the iron hook had made. Kunerich examined the rent very carefully, and said with horror, "It was

indeed high time for help to come; only a few shreds more had to break and Eberhard would have been lost." The poor servant girl has rendered us an inestimable service; yes, heaven knows it was grand and noble for her, young girl as she is, it was an heroic act. The rapid decision and courage of the maiden pleases me particularly. Hast thou rewarded her?" "That," said his wife, "I leave to thee, all that I could have given her seemed to me too insufficient; indeed, nothing at all, for she risked her own life. My senses almost forsook me as I saw her swinging in the bucket over the frightful abyss, and such an action can not be repaid by a few pieces of gold. I referred her to you for a reward. I hope you will not put me to shame."

The Knight was more moved than he had ever been before in his life. The impulsive man wished to see the girl immediately. Rosa was With modest demeanor she entered the hall, and the Knight greeted her with a loud cry of joy. "Welcome, young heroine! Welcome, thou savior of my son! but wait a moment, it occurrs to me, if I remember correctly, that we know each other already. Yes, I saw you once in the warden's room, but I would scarcely have thought then that thou hadst so much courage in thee. Truly I am under the greatest obligations to thee, for if it had not been for thee, I should have been a wretched father. This happy day would have been for me a day of deepest grief. Ask what thou wilt and thou shalt have it." "Yes," cried the Knight, who had never learned to curb his impulses,

and giving vent to his overflowing joy, "I swear it by my Knightly honor, that wert thou even to ask me for one of my two castles, Fichtenburg or Tannenburg, I would grant thy request." Rosa said quietly and with maidenly modesty: "You have promised a great deal, and these Knights have witnessed it. I could ask of you a great favor and you would not dare to refuse me; but I ask no favor, I only implore you for justice. Give me, give back to my father what you deprived us of." "How! what! how was that?" said Kunerich struck. "I have robbed and plundered thee? Who art thou? Who is thy father?"

"I am Rosa Von Tannenburg" said she, "Edelbert is my father, release him and give him back his possessions."

The two stranger Knights, together with the Pages and soldiers who were in the hall, were lost in amazement. Knight Kunerich stepped back and stood as if petrified. As deeply and powerfully as the noble act of the daughter had moved him, swelled up afresh the wild, violent hate, which for so many years he had felt towards the father, and in his heart arose a fearful struggle of the most conflicting sentiments. He was white as the wall, he glanced wildly around with his black eyes, muttering between his teeth. "I would have given either one of my two castles if some one else, than the daughter of this man, had rendered me this service." Everyone in the hall was alarmed at the sudden change in the Knight's bearing, and looked silently and perplexedly at each other.

Kunerich's wife interposed with a soft voice, "It has been only a few days since I learned that this poorly clad maiden was Edelbert's daughter. Out of filial love to her father, and that she might visit him in his captivity, console him in his loneliness, serve him, and, even at the expense of her daily food, supply him with necessaries, she came in this lowly garb to our castle, entered the jailor's service, bore with heavenly patience all the ill humor of the jailor's wife, which the poorest servant in all the country around would not endure, and submitted to the hardest kind of work, which must have been ten times more trying to her than to other maids. It broke my heart when I looked from my window and saw her, a Fräulein, our equal in birth, bearing on her head a heavy tub of water, or when I saw her sweeping the court, like the lowest servant maid, I did not allow her to see that I knew her position and rank, for I did not wish to take any definite step in the matter without consulting thee. With pain, I awaited thy coming, but now, dearest Kunerich, allow kindness and humanity to prevail. If Fräulein Rosa had not saved our son, her filial love ought to move thee to be reconciled to the father of such a daughter." "By my word" said Siegebert, one of the two stranger Knights, "that which the Fräulein has done for her father, is unspeakably more than that which she dared to do for the boy. The rescuing of the boy was a brave and momentary impulse, which other less noble natures have experienced, from time to time. But the protracted and heavy trials which

the Fräulein bore with such admirable steadfastness for her father, evinces a great soul; such filial love is a precious jewel. Were I in your place Kunerich, it would not take me long to decide what I should do."

"Kunerich," said Theobald, the other Knight, "if Edelbert had been actuated by hostile sentiments towards you, he could easily have done you harm. Heavens! while you were fighting far away in open field, he whom you consider your most dangerous enemy was here in the midst of your castle and his daughter had the key to his prison. Nine persons out of ten would have profited by the opportunity to put a burning brand to the castle, and escape during the tumult! Kunerich, Kunerich, you have really no grounds for your hatred towards the brave Edelbert."

Kunerich stood with fixed gaze as if struck dumb. He drew a very long breath and wiped his glowing brow, and it was as if he had heard nothing of what the two knights and his consort had been saying. All eyes were directed towards him in anxious expectation, while Rosa, glanced, sighing, toward heaven.

A frightful stillness prevailed in the hall. Finally his lady stepped nearer him, and said with great emotion, "Dearest Kunerich, only one word more will I say to thee. O listen to me kindly. Kuenrich, thou believest Edelbert to be thy worst enemy, but in this thou hast erred. Oh, if he were so inclined towards thee, how could thy faithful wife have asked thee to release him from prison. I should have been more likely to advise thee to guard the prison more closely. But it is not

as thou hast heretofore supposed. I will now prove it to thee. I was the only person who discovered that Rosa was Edelbert's daughter. Until this moment, when she revealed herself, no one in the whole castle except myself knew who she was. The people to whom thou didst confide the keeping of the castle suspected it as little as thou didst. Except myself, and thy faithful Castellan, no one knew that Rosa visited her father at night. I wished to know what was the object of these visits. I lowered myself (I can not confess it to thee and these worthy knights, without shame), to the extent of listening at dead of night at the prison door, when father and daughter were engaged in conversation. More concerned about thee and thy castle than about myself, I undertook this step for which I must censure myself, so far did my zeal in thy interest carry me. I wanted to hear, with my own ears, if there was any plot against thee. Father and daughter were not aware, they could not be aware, that I heard all they said. But, O heavens, what did I hear! How humiliated I felt, standing there. How good are these people. The poor imprisoned Edelbert knows nothing of any feelings of hatred and revenge towards thee.

"He not only approved his daughter's act, but it was he, himself, who incited her to kindness of feeling towards us, and it was his fatherly counsels which disposed her to love us, and to do us all the good in her power. Without this noble, charitable counsel of her father, Rosa would scarcely have rescued thy son; to him, therefore, belong thy first thanks for this rescue. How can he, then, be thy enemy? O, how canst thou be angry with him longer? Why dost thou stand there doubting and undecided? Ah, Kunerich, thou canst not, thou shalt not allow Fräulein Rosa to leave this hall unanswered! Oh, God, move his heart."

Kunerich said in a gloomy indistinct undertone: "Rosa may take back Tannenburg, and all that belongs to it. I have no objection. But Edelbert must remain where he is."

In saying this, he did not once glance towards his wife. Then she turned to her son saying, with a heart deeply stirred, and bursting into burning tears: "O, come Eberhard and beg thy father for thy deliverer, that he may grant our request, not only in part, but fully. Kneel down and lift up thy little hands. See I kneel with thee before him. I will help thee to beg. I will repeat every word for thee. Say the words after me!"

The sweet little one saw the mother weeping, and saw Rosa, who was almost as dear to him as his own mother, standing sorrowfully, with the tears in her eyes, and he began himself to weep. The gloomy aspect of his father, frightened him. He understood very well, that much depended upon softening his anger, and kneeling down he tremblingly lifted up his little hands, and repeated after his mother, in an impressive heart thrilling voice, the following words: "Dear father, do not be so cruel, do not take so long to decide about freeing Rosa's father. Rosa did

not take so long to consider, before risking her life for me. See, this good Fraulein took me out of the well. Do thou now also free Baron Edelbert from prison. She saved me from the awful death in the water; do not thou let her father die in prison. She gave thee back, beloved father, thy son; give thou back to her the dearly beloved daughter, her noble father. O, do not turn away, dearest father. Only look at me, thy son. See, if it had not been for Fräulein Rosa, thou wouldst never have seen my face again, nor these my eyes, which now tearfully look up to thee. These hands which I now hold up to thee, would be moldering in the grave."

"Stop! This is too much," said Baron Kunerich, endeavoring, in vain, to keep back the tears which he thought were unbecoming a knight. Turning to Rosa he said, "Your father, Fräulein Rosa, is free, and I give him back his castle with all his possessions. I have done him a wrong. A man who could rear such a daughter cannot be wicked."

"O God be praised," said the noble Hildegarde, and falling, with tears, upon her husband's neck, she bade the little Eberhard kiss his hand. Rosa felt as though she were in heaven. The two knights could not restrain their tears, and offered Kunerich the right hand of Knighthood.

"You are a noble man," said Knight Theobald.
"From this hour you stand doubly high in my estimation."

"You have behaved," said Siegebert, "in a manner

becoming a true Knight. To be right is better than to be brave. To conquer one's self better than to over-come an enemy."

The pages and other soldiers, who had during the interview, often wiped away the tears, spoke, joyously, in low tones to each other, and indeed praised the knight aloud.

"That is splendid! That is brave! That is noble!" said first one and then another. At last with unanimous voice, with their whole heart, they all cried, "Long live Kunerich, Hildegarde, and the little Eberhard. Long live Edelbert and Rosa."



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CHAPTER XVIII.

Now that Knight Kunerich had allowed noble, humane sentiments to get the upper hand in his heart, he seemed a new creature.

The consciousness of having conquered a hostile sentiment, filled him with a lofty happiness never before experienced, and rest and peace came to his hitherto excited spirit, like the lovely calm after a thunder storm. His face was brightened, and an unwonted joy beamed in his eyes. Even the little Eberhard noticed this happy change. "Now, dear father," said he, "thou lookest as gentle and kind as mamma and Fräulein Rosa. Now I like to look at thee and I feel I can love thee."

Fräulein Rosa approached the Knight and thanked him in the most moving terms. "No, no, my esteemed Fräulein, do not make too much of the matter. I deserve neither praise nor thanks. I must have been a a monster if I had done otherwise. Come with me. We will go to your father. I hold it a sin to allow him longer to languish in captivity. Come! He has you to thank for his freedom, and you shall be the first to announce it. Speak a good word for me, that he forgive me for the wrong which I have done him."

Frau Heldegarde beckoned now to her husband, and leading him to the window, spoke in an undertone with him. He nodded his head and smiled pleasantly several times, and Hildegarde then said to Rosa, "Come

first with me, dearest Fräulein." The noble Frau conducted Rosa into a magnificent apartment, where several articles of dress were lying in readiness for the moment when she should assume her rightful position.

Rosa removed the brown coloring from her face. Frau Hildegarde arranged her rich hair in beautiful ringlets and attired her in a costly white dress, with a ruff of the finest lace. Rosa was now indescribably beautiful. Her beaming countenance excelled the lovely white and red of fresh apple blossoms. Her curling hair flowed in ringlets over her shoulders, and her whole appearance was noble and attractive. The Frau looked at her with an approving smile, but was silent, for she thought it unwise to excite the young girl's vanity by praising her beauty.

Frau Hildegarde then brought an exquisite little casket, of polished ebony, richly ornamented with gold "See, dear Fraulein," said she, opening it; "these were the ornaments of your sainted mother. My husband, who considered it a good prize, gave it me. But I never wore them. I should have been ashamed to decorate myself with these precious jewels. The ornaments were, as your property, sacred to me, and I have longed for the moment when I might restore them to you. Receive them, now, from my hands. Not a stone is missing, not a solitary pearl."

Rosa took the ornaments with sincere thanks; she examined the beautiful stones and pearls, but did not exhibit the joy which Frau Hildegarde had expected from Rosa's youth. "O my sainted mother!" said

Rosa, with tears in her eyes; "how vividly these jewels remind me of thee; only as a rememberance are they valuable to me. Ah, see, gracious lady,"said she, turning to Hildegarde, "this diamond was my mother's wedding ring. These strings of pearls she received from the Duchess as a wedding present; these diamond earrings my father gave her on the day of my birth. Ah, it seems to me as if I saw the beloved mother standing before me, decorated with these pearls and stones. O, how uncertain is the life of man. These pearls are still here; these stones sparkle still with undiminished lustre, but the form of the beautiful one who wore them, is now dust and ashes. What would man be, the noblest of God's creatures on earth, if there was nothing in him that lasted longer than these sparkling jewels?"

Frau Hildergard said: "Dearest Fraulein, the tears which are glistening in your eyes are of more worth than all these pearls, and yournoble sentiments are more costly than precious stones. Yes, when your blooming form will have fallen into dust, when the power of time will have reduced to powder even these durable stones, your noble sentiments will still be the ornaments of your noble spirit, and will adorn it far more beautifully than these magnificent jewels adorn the body."

Frau Hildegarde now dressed Rosa's hair and neck with the soft gleaming pearls, added the sparkling earrings, and put on her finger the splendid diamond; but the ring was far too large. Rosa smilingly said: "We can omit the ring altogether, it is not suitable for my

youth; only an engaged young lady wears a ring." But Frau Hildegarde said: "See, though the ring is too large for the ring finger, it just fits the first finger, therefore wear it there. The hand of the daughter that so nobly served her father deserves to be decorated with precious stones."

Frau Hildegarde now accompanied Fraulein Rosa to the prison door. Rosa entered hastily, and cried as she went in, "Oh, God be praised, dearest father, thou art free." But how surprised was she when she saw her father standing there, dressed as he was wont to be, on state occasions, in knightly attire of black velvet, and adorned with the gold chain and medal. The two Knights, Siegebert and Theobald, stood by his side. Frau Hildegarde had privately told her husband, that while she dressed Rosa in a costume suiting her rank, he should have the Baron attired in his knightly robes; also that Siegebert and Theobald should prepare the good Edelbert a little for the unsuspected joy which awaited him, without, however, letting him know that his release was so near, that no one might deprive the noble daughter of the joy of being the first to inform her father of his restoration to liberty. The two knights had undertaken the task with pleasure. They themselves brought the attire of which he had been robbed and helped to robe him. Edelbert embraced his daughter with great emotion.

"Oh my dearest Rosa," said he, "by God's help thou hast won a victory which a whole army, bearing swords and spears, could not have been able to accomplish.

This power would only have sufficed to storm Baron Kunerich's castle, and to have conquered him bodily; but the soft power of thy love to thy father, and to all mankind, has vanquished Kunerich's heart, and transformed him from an enemy to a friend. Let us thank God, who has directed all in a most wondrous manner. It is He who has blessed thy filial love, and who has crowned thy exertions with the happiest success."

Now, for the first time, Edelbert observed how richly Rosa was adorned with pearls and precious stones.

"See," said he, "God has not only granted that for which thou hast so often prayed, and given thy father his freedom, but he has also given back to thee the jewels of thy sainted mother, which thou hast never asked of Him. I have often thought, with deepest emotion, of the time when thou, out of love to me, didst sell thy little earrings, the last treasure that remained to thee of all the splendor of thy rank, and God has recompensed thee richly for it, in a way thou didst not even expect. He rewards faithfully, and does not forget to recompense us for the things of which we have not even thought." The two Barons, Siegebert and Theobald, were not a little astonished at Rosa's beauty.

"Truly, my sweet Fraulein," said Theobald, "you have made no small sacrifice for your father, hiding your lovely face under the nut-brown color, and disfiguring your beautiful form by the uncomely dress. You are, upon my word, as beautiful as an angel." Rosa blushed and took this as flattery which she did not deserve.

"But, Siegebert," the other knight, said: "beauty is the Fraulein's least attraction; her filial love is of immeasurably greater worth. Like an angel, she came first into the prison to lighten her father's misery, and now like an angel she appears to announce to him the freedom which she wrought out."

Rosa now mentioned Kunerich's request that her father would forgive him, at which Edelbert was much moved.

"Thou see'st my tears," said he, "and thou know'st that I have long ago forgiven him." At this moment the prison door opened and Baron Kunerich and his lady, together with the little Eberhard, stepped in. Edelbert and Kunerich, much moved, extended to each other, in a knightly manner, the right hand. All enmity having subsided, they experienced the blessedness of reconciliation, and eternal friendship. The good, warm-hearted Edelbert had experienced a peculiar pleasure in seeing the sweet boy whose life Rose had saved. He sat down, wearied by his unwonted exertion, on the stone bench of the cell, took the boy upon his knee, looked at him, affectionately, with tears in his eyes, blessed him and said: "Dear, sweet boy, God grant that thou may'st be a joy to thy father and mother, and grow to be a noble man."

"O my dear Baron," said the little boy's mother,
"God grant that he may love us as thy daughter loves
thee, and that he may be like her in noble impulses;
then were we the happiest of parents."

The day ended with a festive banquet in the spacious and brilliantly illuminated Rittersaal.

Edelbert and Rosa had to take the seats of honor at the table. Kunerich sat beside Edelbert, and Hildegarde beside Rosa. All the guests were very happy, while Knight Kunerich had not been so joyous for many a year. He said: "Such heartfelt happiness I have never, in my life, felt. My foolish enmity towards you dearest Edelbert, poisoned my truest joy. What blesse lness there is in union and peace! Now, for the first time, I recognize the fact that hatred and enmity spring from hell. Love and friendship, from heaven."

Kunerich had the large silver goblets, which were splendidly lined with gold, brought in and filled with the best and oldest wine he had in the cellar. By Edelbert's plate stood the large silver goblet, out of which he had been accustomed to drink in his own castle, and which was precious to him as a relic of his ancestors. Rosa had recognized the goblet at once, and had thanked Frau Hildegarde, simply with a look, for her thoughtfulness. Kunerich first emptied the goblet to Edelbert's and Rosa's health, after which the two Barons, Seigebert and Theobald, followed his example. Edelbert drank, but said very gravely: "We must be very careful, Sir Knights, how we use this strong wine, it is capable of conquering Knights who have never before been vanquished by any enemy, and who are not afraid of any Turkish sabre."

Kunerich laughed; the praise of his wine pleased him. Besides which he understood the hint.

"I reme nber well," said he to Edelbert, "when we were pages at the cour of the Duke, you were wont to

admonish me and my boon companions, to observe moderation. Well, well, you had reason. Don't be anxious; we will pass the time pleasantly together, but remain sober. We will conduct ourselves in a becoming manner, and every one, previous to drinking, must give a good toast, and then Hildegarde and Fraulein Rosa must to-day toast with us."

Hildegarde and Rosa touched glasses, but they scarcely moistened their lips with the fiery wine. The toasts and good wishes which met with the greatest applause were these:

Edelbert said: "May all Germans live in peace and union and nevermore disagree over trifles."

Theobald said: "May all German women and maidens resemble, in loveable qualities, Lady Hildegarde, sweet Rosa, and the sainted Mathilde."

Siegebert said: "May all parents bring up their children as Edelbert and Mathilde have brought up this daughter, and may all children love and honor their parents as Rosa loves and honors her father."

Kunerich ended with the words "May all parents have as much joy in their children, as Edelbert has in his daughter."



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CHAPTER XIX.

Next morning, very early, Kunerich entered Edelbert's apartment attired for a journey, booted and spurred.

"Edelbert," cried he, "I have long since routed my people out of their beds and made them saddle their horses, for I wished to go with you, at once, to Tannenburg and give you back your castle and all your possessions, but Hildegarde thought as the castle had been so long in the hands of servants only, it would not be looking its best, and they must put it in order first. She may be right," said Kunerich, laughing; "but it never would have occurred to me. Remain then together with your Rosa, yet a little while, with me, dear Edelbert. You have spent many mournful days within these walls, let us therefore spend a few pleasant days together."

Edelbert was quite contented with the proposition, so Kunerich went with him into the large Hall, where Siegebert and Theobald, and their pages had already assembled, and all sat down together at the table to breakfast, after which the two visiting Knights, who were anxious to get home, took their leave of Kunerich and Edelbert, and departed with their soldiers who were waiting below in the court-yard.

But Kunerich said to Edelbert, "Now, first of all you must look at my castle, then after dinner we will go hunting. First, look at the portraits of my ancestors with which this Hall is adorned."

Edelbert examined the old Knights in armor, and the ladies who were taken in antique costume. Of most of them Kunerich had many things to relate. Then Edelbert was shown the armory, in which arms of all kinds, bright and polished, were to be seen,, not only many full suits of armor for the Knights, but also suits for the horses. After this Edelbert was conducted through the entire castle, and as they passed through the vaulted corridors he drew his attention particularly to the finely sculptured and painted stag heads which had the unique attraction of natural antlers with from ten to twenty prongs. They passed on to the stables where were thorough-bred, finely groomed horses; and on down into the vaulted rock-hewn cellars, to admire the casks of the best wine, and taste, whether he wished or not, of their contents. At last they visited the well in the castle-yard. It was not without a shudder that both knights looked down. Edelbert rejoiced afresh over his daughter's noble deed, and Kunerich over the escape of his son. Both fathers embraced each other at the well and thanked God for the successful deliverance.

Frau Hildegarde had, in the meantime, shown to the Fraulein her whole household arrangements. Chests filled with dazzling white linen, her beautiful rich embroidery, the large spotless kitchen, and many other objects of interest. Finally she opened several chests which stood in a certain room that contained everything in the way of linen, rich dresses, &c., which had been brought from Tannenburg to Fichtenburg.

"I have most carefully preserved them," said the noble lady, "and shall have them returned to the castle. The most beautiful of these pieces, I am told, were made by thy mother's own hands, and they give evidence of her unwearied industry, and of her love to thee. Even when thou wert but an infant, the loving mother was solicitous for thy welfare, and providing for thee. Not a single article, as I well know, was obtained unrighteously, therefore the blessing of heaven rests on them, and for this reason I think thou couldst never be deprived of them."

Rosa wished after this to visit the warden's room once more. Frau Hildegarde acompanied her.

As they passed over the Court yard, Edelbert and Kunerich joined them.

The warden was sitting, in his large arm-chair, in the room, resting after his journey, but at the sound of Kunerieh's voice he sprung up and opened the door. There Rosa stood before him.

"Why Rosa," cried he, "but pardon me! Fräulein Rosa, I should say. What, what, have I lived to see! But first come with the gracious company into the room. So, yes, yes! I would have sooner expected the heavens to fall, than that my servant should turn out to be the Fräulein von Tannenburg. Even now I can scarcely believe that a noble Fräulein should ever have swept the floor on which I stand. And again how astonished I am that I should have been such a blockhead as not to have perceived sooner that you were Ba on Edelbert's daughter. Yesterday even-

ing the wounded soldiers in the court yard were discussing, with some excitement, the extraordinary story, and when I learned it from them, suddenly a light broke in upon me. For that reason you were so compassionate towards the imprisoned Knight. Well, well, I praise your filial love, and God and my gracious master have rewarded you for it, as I perceive. But my Hedwig—how she opened her eyes! I cannot at all describe it. She nearly lost her senses, and almost tore her hair out by the roots. Well, she may ask her pardon herself for the rudeness with which she treated you."

The two children of the keeper were standing shyly in a corner. Rosa went to them and spoke to them, in her usual friendly manner, which gave the children back their courage.

The little Bertha said; "How splendidly you are dressed, Fräulein Rosa, everything is beautiful and new that you have on, even your face."

The little Othman said; "That is no fault. I would like even that, first rate, if Fräulein Rosa would remain our servant, for we will never get such a good one in all our lives again."

"Kunerich and all the others laughed, and Rosa asked the children for their mother?

Little Bertha said: "She has just cut the bread for soup, the dish is there upon the table."

"Yes," said the little Othman, "when she heard the company coming, she fled out of the door as if wolves were at her heels."

Rosa went to the door, which led from the room into the kitchen and brought Hedwig in. The poor woman stood there much confused, as she saw Baron Edelbert and Fräulein Rosa, standing before her, splendidly attired, and also Kunerich, her rigorous master, and Hildegarde, her gracious mistress. She became alternately pale and red. "I should like to creep into a mousehole," said she, "to hide from this gracious company, for they will all know, now what sweet speeches I am addicted to, and what beautiful names I called the gracious Fräulein. But if I had known from what exalted lineage my Rosa was descended, and what distinguished honors awaited her, I would assuredly have conducted myself in a far different manner."

The Frau von Fichtenburg said, "My good Hedwig the most insignificant person is of divine extraction, and that is the highest nobility, with which no other can be compared. The poorest beggar, if he be a good man, will attain a majesty in yonder world, before which all the magnificence of this pales."

"We have, therefore, good reason to treat the least of God's creatures kindly. You experience regret and shame to have used your former servant ill now that she stands before you transformed into a noble Fräulein. A still more painful regret and shame will be experienced if we treat the poor in this world with pride and contempt, and then see them in yonder world in all their glory."

Hedwig admitted the truth of these remarks, and

asked the Fraulein's forgiveness with many words and copious tears.

Rosa said, "My dear Hedwig, I might often have said many things to you, but then I did not think it advisable. I waited a more suitable moment, which is now come. I must also add a few words here. But first, I must, truthfully, declare before this goodly company and my father, that you have many good qualities. You are a thoughtful, loving wife, a good mother, and an excellent housekeeper; you are tirelessly industrious, and cleanliness and order reign in your household. You are careful without being stingy, and do a great deal of good to the poor. Yes, you are obliging, friendly, and kind towards every one, so long as they are fortunate enough not to excite your anger. But then you are no longer able to restrain yourself. You then say and do things which are not seemly. These moments of passion embitter your own life, and that of those who are around you, and have procured for you the reputation of being a very wicked person. Yes, they even assert that you have very little understanding, (which is certainly not wanting in you,) because you make so little use of it. Instead of exercising it, you allow anger to usurp its place. Try to master yourself; control your angry passions; use your intelligence. Believe that a fit of passion is nothing less than a temporary attack of insanity. Remember that patience and gentleness are the duty of a Christian. Resolve now to improve in this respect, renew this resolution every morning and evening; yes, many times during the day, before God's face ask Him for His assistance, and do not lose courage if you do not succeed at once. Do not become weary of renewing your attempts again and again with increased earnestness. The tree does not fall with the first stroke. Have patience and you will finally conquer your anger, which is, in fact, your worst enemy; and when you get another servant who is not lacking in the will to learn, do not expect that she should learn instantly to do everything as thoroughly and cleverly as yourself. Take the trouble to let her understand your wishes; have sufficient patience to show her many times, and tell her of her faults with gentleness and love, and she will allow herself to be taught, and will honor and love you. Yes, truly, if you will only lay aside these propensities, every one will esteem you as an excellent woman. If I did not esteem you myself, I should not have said half so much; follow my advice, and you will obtain honor, happiness, and blessing."or tot between evad bas nov buttons era and

"That is what I call well and wisely spoken," said Kunerich. "It is a piece of advice that many men and women should take to heart, my wife excepted, of course," added he smilingly. "What a sensible and well-instructed Fraulein you are, my worthy Rosa; I, myself, will profit by my share of your advice. What you said agrees with what my sainted father often said, but he generally condensed it into one short phrase—'more brains and less passion.'"

After a few days, Knight Kunerich and his Lady, Edelbert and Fraulein Rosa, attended by a large retinue of armed soldiers and richly dressed retainers, set out for Tannenburg.

The report of what had occurred at Fitchenburg had already been spread. From every village and town belonging to Kunerich, through which they passed, happy people swarmed out to rejoice over the reconciliation of the two Knights, but principally to see the young Fraulein who had shown her father such devotion, and so heroically rescued the boy from the well.

When Edelbert entered his own domains, everything was very still and the silence of death reigned over every place. Edelbert was astonished at this, and was lost in conjectures as to the reason, but when he rode through the outer gate of his castle, he saw that the whole yard was full of people. All his subjects were assembled here in the most beautiful order; on one side stood the boys, youths and men, on the other the little girls, maidens, and women. All were festively attired. Burkhard, the charcoal burner, spoke in behalf of the men, and his wife, in behalf of the women. The former had practised with the old Castellan a long and exhaustive speech, after the style of the times, and began with very majestic mien and gestures.

"Whereas we, here assembled, have, according to ancient custom determined that—that—" here he could go no further. He recovered himself, however, and said, "Most noble and beloved knight, from the moment I first saw your face, all the studied speech, which was to have been so fine, went out of my head. I can say but one thing, now that I have lived to see this day I am ready to die!"

And the good Gertrude also greeted her beloved master and Fräulein Rosa, with tears of joy, instead of the studied speech. Indeed the emotion of the good people was so great, that they were scarcely able to shout their acclaims of joy for weeping, and Edelbert and Rosa, themselves, moved to tears, passed through the rows of delighted people. Upon a raised platform, before the inner gate which led to the castle stood the Knights Siegebert and Theobald, as well as many other Knights with their wives, sons and daughters, richly dressed, and surrounded by a numerous retinue. In the foreground stood Agnes, Burkhard's good daughter, crowned with flowers and dressed in white, holding a cushion of royal purple adorned with golden tassels, upon which lay the castle keys shining like silver.

"Noble Fräulein," she said, "you have not only delivered your beloved father from his prison, but your filial love has opened to him the gates of his castle; receive therefore these keys, and deliver them over to your father."

Rosa offered the cushion to her father. He took the keys with a glance towards heaven, his thoughts involuntarily reverting to that terrible night when he passed through these gates, bound in chains, upon a cart, and followed by Rosa weeping and lamenting. The friendly reception which Kunerich's wife had so thoughtfully prepared for him, touched him all the more, and he said, "Before I cross the threshold of the gate, let us go into the chapel. God has caused

all that has happened to work together for our good, and has turned our sorrow into joy. Let us unite in a glorious Te Deum.

All the knights and ladies approved his suggestion, and followed him into the chapel, after which they went to the banquet, which was spread in the grand hall, the people being meantime entertained in the court. Edelbert, however, was too impatient to await the end of the repast. He went into the court before the guests had risen from the table, and mingled with his servants as freely as a father with his children. Before all he sought out honest Burkhard and his good wife.

"Thou faithful old servant," he said, "who didst with thy worthy wife receive my daughter, so lovingly, into thy home, thou shalt never leave my castle again but shalt live here for ever. I appoint thee my 'master of the horse,' an office which thou understandest better than that of charcoal burning, from the fact that thou hast been brought up from thy youth as a rider, and dost know how to set a horse with even Knightly grace. Thy good Gertrude who provided me, in my captivity, with linen, shall henceforth be house-keeper in my castle. But good Agnes who was such a true friend to my daughter in her sorrow, shall now be her constant companion. A more faithful servant, and a truer friend, it would be impossible to find."

After this Edelbert went the rounds of all the tables, and spoke with every guest, and to every one he knew how to say something pleasant. The lady of Fichtenburg, finding it impossible to invite all of Edelbert's subjects, had selected the oldest fathers of families with their children and grandchildren, without making any difference between rich and poor, and to the others she had said that Edelbert would entertain them at another time.

Many of those present had been accustomed to receive, from Edelbert, yearly or monthly benefits, but since the castle had passed into strange hands, had received nothing. Edelbert assured them that their benefices would be resumed, an assurance which excited universal joy, and all swore that they were ready to expend their possessions, and their life blood for their beloved master.

Kunerich, who had also come down, stood at Edelbert's side and said, "It is indeed true that kindness is more powerful than force, and it is better to be loved than to be feared."

Edelbert said, "A man who is feared by the wicked, and loved by the good, is, in my opinion, the best."

Knightly grace. Thy good Gertrude who provided me



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CHAPTER XX.

Edelbert and Kunerich, Rosa and Hildegarde, visited each other very often. Kunerich consulted his friend Edelbert on all occasions when the welfare of his subjects was at stake, and Rosa honored the noble Hildegarde like a second mother, and endeavored ever to learn something from her. The friendly relations in which they all lived tended to enoble and beautify their lives. After awhile, however, Kunerich ceased to come to Tannenburg; he even declined on trivial pretexts the visits which Edelbert and Rosa proposed to make him.

Quite unexpectedly one day he node into the courtyard, upon his white horse, and invited Edelbert and Fräulein Rosa to go with him to Fichtenburg.

They easily perceived that he had something special on hand, but they did not succeed in discovering the secret. Nevertheless, they went with him. As they reached Fichtenburg, Kunerich scarcely gave them time to greet his wife.

"Edelbert," said he, "you must come with me, and Fräulein Rosa also."

He drew Edelbert almost forcibly away, and Hildergarde and Rosa followed the two Knights. As they passed through the dark corridor leading to Edelbert's cell, Edelbert cried affrighted, "Heavens! where are you leading me?"

"I tremble," said Rosa, "what can we want in this weary prison?"

Kunerich remained silent, opened the door of the prison and they entered, astonished, into a very beautiful Chapel, splendidly decorated, as was the custom of the times. Through the lofty stained windows streamed prismatic rays of light, softly illuminating walls and high vaulted ceilings, in whose azure depths gleamed a host of glittering stars, while the Altar shone with exquisite gilded carvings.

Rosa and Edelbert expressed their admiration and approval.

"I thought," said Kunerich, "that this transformation would please you. I wished to surprise you with it, and for this reason I forbade your visits while it was building. The Chapel is beautiful, is it not? But to my Hildegarde belongs the honor of it all. She knew very adroitly how to propose that I should make this a church. Hear how she began it. When we returned last autumn, after accompaning thee to Tannenburg, she begged me to visit, with her, the prison in which you had lain so long. I had little inclination to do so. Why should I go there? I shuddered at the thought. But I went, nevertheless, her entreaties were so moving. As we entered she said to me, 'Just see how filial love has transformed this dreary prison into a pleasant dwelling.' 'It is true,' said I, 'this place used to look terrible, now it is light, and as beautiful as a chapel.'

"Then my Hildergade said joyfully, 'Thou hast con-

ceived a glorious thought which has been secretly my own for some time. It first occurred to me when I saw the beautiful chapel at Tannenburg. Yes, this spacious and lofty rock-hewn cave can easily be made into a chapel. We must perform some public act to show our gratitude to God for the happy rescue of our son, and the founding of the chapel is the best we can do. This has previously been wanting, splendid and well appointed as our castle has been in other particulars, until now, we have been obliged to attend divine service in the village church, at the foot of the hill, which was very inconvenient and sometimes impossible. A chapel of one's own is a memorial which will bring a blessing to our posterity,' said Hildegarde. The suggestion pleased me.

"'Thou art perfectly right,' said I, 'yes, so it shall be. No prisoner shall languish here henceforth. Here we will always thank God for his mercy and compassion in rescuing our son through Fräulein Rosa; for having reconciled me with Baron Edelbert; and for having restored peace to my soul.' And this was the way in which the chapel was inaugurated."

"And to-morrow," added Frau Hildegarde, "the pious Abbot Norbert is coming to consecrate the chapel. Siegebert, Theobald and several other Knights, whom we love and honor, will be here at the holy festival, with their wives and children; but the dearest and most honored of the guests, are worthy Edelbert and my beloved young Rosa. We are assured that you will take a peculiar interest in the chapel which owes its existence to you,

and you will, assuredly, enjoy this testimonial with heartfelt sincerity."

The consecration of the chapel to God's service, was indeed a most beautiful and touching ceremony, and the invited Knights, accompanied each by his household, appeared promptly at the appointed hour. These stationed themselves on both sides of the altar, attired in the courtly dress of that period, with helmets and armor, and girded about with swords. Their ladies, according to the custom at high festivals in that age, appeared dressed in black and gold, and the unmarried ones in white, wreathed with flowers. All were filled with a reverence towards God. But little Eberhard, and his two little sisters, kneeled before the altar with uplifted hands, and with an expression of adoration upon their faces that made them look like little angels. The chapel was decorated with evergreens, and the altar with fragrant flowers, while a soft radiance from waxen tapers, blending with the clouds of burning incense, threw a mystic spell over the scene. The worthy Abbot Norbert entered with mitre and pastoral-crook, and attended by several Divines in robes of office. Advancing to the altar, he turned to the congregation, and, remarking with sincere pleasure their devotional attitude and demeanor, addressed them in the following words:

"Beloved in the Lord! The love of good parents to their son, who was rescued from eminent peril, the love of a faithful daughter towards her father, whom she tenderly ministered unto in this very place, were the ruling motives which caused this dreary cell to be transformed into the beautiful chapel, which we have just consecrated to the worship of Almighty God, and to an ever grateful remembrance of the benefits which He bestows so freely on his unworthy children. Upon the circumstances which have prepared for us the joyful festival of to-day, I intended to base my discourse; but in order to avoid wounding the modesty of some of my honored hearers, I shall refrain from dwelling, at further length, on this history, already sufficiently familiar to you. I shall only draw your attention to some thoughts which this event involuntarily suggests, and as I see many worthy parents, with their beloved children gathered before this altar, I shall limit myself to speaking a few words to parents and children. It is a beautiful provision of the Almighty, and one in which His wisdom and love are especially discernible, that He has seen fit to confide the most lovable creatures on earth to the guardianship of tender parents, in whose breasts He has implanted a spark of his own boundless love; that He bestowed His first benefits to mankind through a good father and tender mother; and that He, the invisible One, reveals his increasing love to His children, through the love of true and faithful parents. May all fathers and mothers seriously endeavor to place before the children's eyes an example of the highest good. May they strive to imitate God, who not only provides richly for our bodily necessities, but exercises a fatherly supervision over us in various ways, guiding us in the right path by rewards and

punishments, and endeavoring, throughout, all to enoble and elevate our characters; may the love of parents to their children, that heavenly flame, never be darkened by the soot and smoke of earthly passions, never degenerate into the foolish partiality which voluntarily blinds itself to the faults of the children, thus involving them in moral ruin; may this flame of heavenly love never be extinguished by sinful lusts, dissipation or wild passions; may all children duly value the blessing of having loving parents.

"And you, sons and daughters, who have left behind you the years of childhood, look back with me once more to that golden period of your existence, when your parents cared for all your wants, provided you with food and drink; when your mother dressed you in garments fashioned by their own loving hands. Your fathers spared no trouble and denied themselves many pleasures to supply your wants. Your parents would have divided their last crust of bread with you. When you were sick, your anxious mothers spent sleepless nights watching at your bedside. Your father's care, your mother's tender solicitude, preserved you from innumerable dangers. To them you confided your little troubles, and how tenderly they wiped away your tears. In them and their superior intelligence, you found your guiding rule. They supplied your want of experience, and you, gradually, acquired their riper knowledge. They taught you to read; a hundred times you would ask them what such and such a thing was called, and father and mother were never weary of an-

swering your enquiries. They taught you the true, the beautiful, and the good, and encouraged you in the pursuit of them. They were the umpires of your little disputes with your brothers and sisters, and from their lips you imbibed the principles of patience, peace and concord. Your father's approval of your good conduct, and your mother's pleasant smile, were a sweeter reward than would have been the most costly gift. Even the punishments which the wise parents found necessary, from time to time, to inflict, were beneficial. From the first moment that you opened your eyes to the light of the sun, how lovingly God has cared for you! Recognize in this beautiful provision of the Almighty a proof of His kindness and love towards you, and honor Him in your parents, through whose hands you have received so much good. Love the parents whom He has given you; obey your parents whose experience and whose wisdom are so infinitely superior to your own, even in the smallest matters.

"Let the most ardent gratitude fill your hearts. May one of the most terrible of crimes be far from you, that of filial ingratitude. Have implicit confidence in your parents, and beware, when you have offended them, of resorting to falsehood and duplicity, for this will prove the first steps to total depravity. Seek to give them pleasure, and remembering that you can never repay them for the countless benefits you have received at their hands, endeavor to cultivate at least a spirit of gratitude. As they cared for you in the helpless days of your infancy, even so watch over their declining years

and sweeten their last hours by your tender solicitude. Content yourselves with dry bread and water, and clothe yourselves in sackcloth, rather than suffer your perents to want. Thus ye shall fulfill the fifth commandment, and it shall be well with you in this world and the next. God's blessing shall go with you even unto the grave; and on the other side He will bestow on you a crown of glory. From the fathers and mothers, and their children, assembled before this altar, I look up to the Holy One, in whose name this altar has been consecrated; to Him, who is our loving father. and whose loving children we ought all to be; to Him who wishes us to call Him by the tender name of 'Father,' and who assures us that although a mother may forget her child, He will never forget us. But parents who love their children truly and heartily, may take this very love as the pledge of the love of God, their Father in heaven, towards all mankind; and what a comfort in affliction must this thought be to a father or mother. 'God's love toward me is infinitely greater than mine to my children. How should He forget? And thus only those children, whose hearts are filled with love, confidence, obedience and deference towards their parents, can call God in truth and sincerity their Father; only those children who have attained to that standard can love the Heavenly Father above all, obey Him in spite of all temptations to evil, and attain to perfection. Only those children who have been taught to exercise love towards their brothers and sisters, to the exclusion of all hatred, enmity and discord, can love

their fellow creatures as children of the one Almighty Father. In the various trials of life, from which no one can hope to be exempt, such children only will find in God their rod and staff, and will not be afraid even at the awful moment of death, for that will be only a messenger after all, sent to summon us to the happy and glorious home of our Father. O God! dear Father in Heaven, grant that all mankind may love Thee above all, and each other, as brothers and sisters; that they may have compassion on all poor widows and orphans; and that they may be kept unspotted from the world, for we know that is the service most acceptable unto Thee. Thus the children of men would form even upon the earth a united and happy family, upon which then the Father of mankind could look with delight and satisfaction. That the service which has been held here this day, and that will continue to be held in future years, may tend to this consummation, we humbly hope and pray. Do Thou, grant our prayers, through Thy Son, Jesus Christ, Our Lord,"

As soon as the consecration of the chapel had taken place and the first service had been held, every one adjourned to the great banqueting hall. Hardly were they seated, when a blast of trumpets was heard in the court below. Kunerich and the other Knights sprang to their feet and rushed to the window. The court was filled with armed soldiers, and several retainers now hurried into the hall, crying, "the Duke, the Duke." The Knights were hastening to meet him, when he entered the hall attended by several courtiers.

He was a stately man, of tall and noble aspect, and, although his hair was already gray, his eyes still sparkled with all the fire of youth. He greeted Edelbert first, offering him his right hand, and said: "My dear Edelbert, I wished to be the first to give you the news of our glorious victory, and to bring you the Emperor's thanks, and my own, for the efficient assistance rendered by your gallant men. Last night I arrived at Tannenburg, where I was informed you were here, I, therefore, started by dawn with my retinue for Fichtenburg fully persuaded that we should find in Kunerich, also, a sincere and faithful friend."

"Well, Baron Kunerich," he continued, turning to the Knight and holding out his hand, "you were not prepared for such an invasion, were you? I am further commissioned to express to you, on behalf of the Emperor, his entire satisfaction at your reconciliation with the excellent Edelbert, and to assure you, on my own account, that I am infinitely pleased to see two such gallant Knights on terms of intimacy and friendship." Kunerich was beside himself with joy. The favor of the Emperor and the Duke had acted upon him like Rhine wine, and he felt himself almost intoxicated.

The Duke's eye then fell on the pious Abbot. He went over to him, assured him of his sincere pleasure at finding him there, and added, "I am all the more delighted to see you here to-day, worthy Father, as this is a privilege seldom enjoyed by us worldly people. You are never to be seen ouside the walls of your convent, except when you are fulfilling some pious duty."

The Duke then turned to Kunerich's consort and said. "Relying upon your extreme goodness, noble lady, I venture to invite myself, an unbidden guest, to the banquet, and salute you as my gracious hostess, and that of the noble Knights who attend me."

"To you, my amiable Fräulein," he said to Rosa "I have a special and important message, which I will deliver after our repast is over. And now I will no longer keep these lords and ladies (to whom I offer my respectful salutations), from the table, but will proceed to set them a good example, for I must confess that my sharp ride has given me an amazing appetite. Let us all dine together sociably, and without any ceremony. I wish to have Frau Von Fichtenburg and Fräulein Rosa on either side, although that will be a direct contradiction to the saying 'Virtue in the midst.' And you, worthy Abbot, I should like to have opposite me, between the two reconciled Knights. To act the peackmaker has ever been your highest ambition; this position will, therefore, be most agreeable to you; and now that we have placed all the actors in this little drama beside our person, the other guests may be seated."

The Duke then took his seat at the table where a fresh cover and a golden goblet had been placed for him, and the other guests took their places as he had reqested.

After the first hunger of the guests had been satisfied, the Duke resumed: "Although not only the news of the feud between Edelbert and Kunerich, but also the tidings of their reconciliation, and the efforts with which your wife, and especially Fräulein Rosa, promoted it, have already reached our ears in the Imperial camp, still this history seemed to me so important, that I wished to hear even the smallest details connected with it."

He proceeded to inquire minutely into all the circumstances. Edelbert and Rosa, Kunerich and Hildegarde took it in turns to relate. The Duke listened very attentively, often expressing his sympathy to Edelbert, and his approbation of Rosa's conduct. He also bestowed well merited praises on Frau von Fichtenburg, and displayed a particular pleasure in Kunerich's present conduct. Edelbert and Rosa wished, in order to spare Kunerich's feeling, to suppress and pass over many things, but Kunerich related everything with manly sincerity.

"I have sinned grievously," he said, "and I know it. But the fault has been committed and concealment and secresy will not undo it. It is more honorable to confess the sin, and make what atonement lies in my power. I believe sincerely that I have done this, and I counsel every one who has sinned to go and do likewise. He will lose nothing by it in this life, and otherwise he will never feel happy or peaceful."

When the narration had come to an end the Duke looked merrily at the circle of guests and remarked: "We have to thank this honored Fraulein that we are now sitting, peacefully together, at this board. Without her friendly interposition, we should now be en-

gaged in bloody warfare, for it stands to reason that we should not have permitted our good Knight Edelbert to remain in his prison. It had already been determined in the Imperial camp that as soon as the war with our foreign foes was ended, I should march with an overwhelming force to Kunerich's castle, and conquer it. Kunerich would certainly have made us pay dearly for our victory, and blood would have been shed in torrents. God be praised for having ordered things otherwise, through the intervention of a delicate girl, this high-born Fräulein."

The modest Rosa blushed. "Most gracious Prince, I do not deserve so much honor; God ordered it all. The little bird which flew into the bucket at the well, had as much to do with the issue of the misunderstanding between Baron Kunerich and my father as I had. It was the fact of its appearing just at the moment when Eberhard was beside the well and Thekla away, which prevented the war from taking place."

The pious Abbot Norbert said, much moved: "The true and beautiful remark, which Fräulein Rosa has just made, is of inestimable value. Yes, it is so, a thousand little circumstances occur in every day life to which we pay no attention, and which yet prove of so much importance, that the fate of man hinges on them. How many of these apparently trivial circumstances take place in this little history. Who, for instance, could have supposed that his fate depended on whether the sun shone or whether it rained!

But, if it had rained on that lovely summer day, when the Autumn sun was shining so brilliantly in this castle, little Eberhard would not have gone into the castle-yard, and Rosa would have lost the opportunity of rescuing him and, thereby, softening his father's heart; and too, perhaps, many hundred brave men would have lost their lives in battle, leaving wives and orphans to shed countless tears. Who would believe it could make much difference in the history of a life, if this or that viand was wanting from his meal? And yet if that dish of mushrooms had not stood on Burkhard's dinner table it would probably not have occurred to the Fräulein to offer herself as the servant of the warden's wife. Under God's guidance the mushrooms were permitted to be the means that averted the frightful misfortune which awaited this castle, and would have caused the terrible siege, that might have resulted in reducing this stately fortress to a heap of ashes, instead of which, we have this joyous festival. Thus does God show forth his marvellous providence and forethought, in the seeming accidents of life; just as a finished artist knows how to blend thousands of different tones, amongst which are even the harshest of discords, into one glorious melodious composition; so the varied events of our lives, sometimes joyous, sometimes sorrowful, will form in the Great Master's hands, another grand harmonious whole. If we would look at our lives oftener from this standpoint, how many occasions would present themselves of thanking and praising the Lord."

An approving murmur arose, which ceased, as the Duke stood up, and grasping his golden cup, cried, "To the welfare of the Emperor." Every one, the Abbot, the Knights, the pages, the high-born matrons, and the noble damsels, reverently repeated the toast in loud tones and drank. The Duke then replaced the golden goblet on the table, and turning to Rosa, said, "Now, in this solemn moment, I will deliver the Emperor's message to yourself. My dear young lady, His Imperial Majesty has heard of your tender attachment to your father, with infinite pleasure and ap. proval, the more so as it obviates the necessity of our engaging in a bloody, civil strife, just after the termination of our glorious foreign wars. He, therefore, came to the following resolution, the nature of which I will at once explain to yourself, honored Fräulein, and to these worthy guests." The Duke then beckoned to one of the Knights, who had accompanied him.

The latter produced a large document, written upon parchment, and enveloped in a covering of crimson velvet. It was further secured by golden cords, from which hung the great Imperial seal, encased in an ivory casket.

The Duke delivered the letter to the astonished girl saying: "Most honored lady, as your father has no son, Tannenburg as a fief, entailed strictly on the male line, would necessarily, at his death, revert with all his other possessions to the crown. You, however, having rendered the Emperor and State more efficient service than ten sons, this letter confirms to you and your heirs, the

fief of Tannenburg forever. You can now bestow your hand upon the noblest amongst Germany's chivalry, and the only condition which will be required of him is that he shall sign himself 'von Tannenburg.' May the glorious name 'von Tannenburg' be perpetuated to endless generations, and may this noble race long live to be a blessing to the earth.

Edelbert was deeply touched at this extraordinary favor on the part of the Emperor, and Rosa, who, in her shrinking modesty, could not believe herself worthy of such a distinction, could scarcely find words to express her gratitude.

As events afterwards proved, the wish of the Duke was accomplished. Many noble Knights became candidates for Rosa's hand, the noblest of whom, the Duke's youngest son, she chose and lived with in happy wedlock. But this took place several years after.

The Duke then expressed a wish to see the well and the new chapel. Hildegarde, therefore, ordered that the well bucket should be lit up by wax candles so as to expose to view the abyss below. All betook themselves to the well and praised the beautiful style of architecture. As the duke watched the crown of glittering light, sinking ever deeper and deeper, he said, "In truth, honored lady, I cannot understand how you found courage to venture into these awful depths. As long as this castle stands, the brave Fraulein Von Tannenburg shall be the theme of every tongue. You have here, in this well, a more honorable memorial than that which falls to the lot of the most renowned heroes."

"Oh not so, most gracious lord," said the girl, modestly, "the well is a memorial of the omnipotence and compassion of God. I feel only too assured, as I look down this terrible gulf that the courage which enabled me to descend was not my own. God inspired me with it and therefore to Him belongs the honor of the rescue. Let all those who view this well, henceforth, offer their praises and thanks alone to Him, the all merciful One from whom cometh every good and perfect gift."

The Duke then went into the chapel, kneeled several minutes at the foot of the altar, and then rising said, "As Rosa's love to her father was the cause which transformed this prison into a chapel, this inscription should be placed in golden letters over the altar, "To the memory of filial affection." But Rosa answered blushingly "Oh, no, that were too much honor for a mortal. This altar and chapel should be dedicated to Him alone who has brought such mighty things to pass."

The pious Abbot commended Rosa's modesty and said, "I propose that instead of the inscription which this gentle maiden justly declines, these words should be placed over the altar in large gold letters. 'Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!'"

It was done, and the Divine promise contained in the text was, in Rosa's after life, richly fulfilled. modestly, "the well is a memorial of the ommipotence and compassion of fied. I feel only too assured, as I look down this terrible gulf that the courage which enabled me to descend was not my own. God inspired me with it and therefore to Him belongs the honor of the resone. Let all those who view this well, henceforth, offer their praises and thanks alone to Him, the all merciful One from whom cometh every good and perfect gift."

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